

OF "CHARACTER" IN CATHOLIC FICTION

SOME months ago the present writer had the pleasure of listening to an instructive, interesting and stimulating lecture by Mr. J. Godwin Bulger, of Liverpool, on "Catholicism in Present Day Literature." Among other topics the lecturer enlarged on the services rendered by Catholic novelists in setting forth and illustrating what he aptly called "the joyousness of faith," the manifold beauties of our holy religion as seen—so to say—in action, and the quiet enthusiasm which it engenders in the hearts of those to whom its dogmas and devotions are as the breath of life. A fruitful theme, assuredly, and one whose treatment by the lecturer suggested the advisability of putting into shape the thoughts expressed in the following pages. For, firmly believing as I do in the opportunities of exercising a real apostolate which lie within the reach of the Catholic novelist, convinced as I am that he has a message to deliver, a whole gospel of lessons to teach, and that to our generation at least this message and these lessons can in no way be so effectively delivered and taught as through the medium which it is given him to employ, it seemed to me that it would be useful to indicate and insist upon certain other services, distinct from yet not unrelated to the one that has been mentioned above, which have been very ably rendered by these same writers. And this is what I propose to attempt in a series of three articles, (1) on "character," (2) on "the element of tragedy," and (3) on "plot" in Catholic fiction, to be followed, possibly, by others on kindred topics.

Be it said, however, at the outset that under the term "Catholic fiction" are here included only such novels, by Catholic writers, as have a distinctively religious character and purpose; and as nearly all that I shall have to say can be adequately illustrated from certain selected works of three writers, viz., Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, John Ayscough, and the late Mgr. Benson, I shall for the most part confine my attention to these.

Now of Catholic fiction in this restricted sense it may, I think, be fairly said that its predominant theme is character;

and moreover that in the treatment of this topic our foremost Catholic novelists, speaking generally, stand high above their non-Catholic rivals, whose writings too often turn out, on examination, to be concerned with temperament rather than with character strictly so called, or at best with the more superficial aspects of character. As the point is of considerable importance, some explanation of what has been said seems to be called for.

By natural temperament is meant the sum or aggregate of the aptitudes and inclinations with which a man is endowed from birth, but which, throughout his life is constantly subject, within limits, to modification. Now natural temperament may be modified in two distinct ways. It may be modified, more or less passively, by external experiences and influences of various kinds, home training, school and university life, the example of companions in whatever grade of society, the public opinion of one's own set, success or failure, kindness and encouragement or their contraries, and so forth, in so far as these influences produce their effects (as to so very large an extent they do) apart from any conscious effort on the part of the person concerned. Or it may be modified, actively, by efforts of the individual will, exercised in self-control, self-discipline, self-conquest, or again—negatively but by no means passively—by the more or less deliberate refusal of the will to make such efforts. And the difference between temperament and character does not lie in this, that character is entirely independent of temperament, which it is not, but in that *character is temperament as modified by the action, positive or negative, of the will*. "Temperament you start with," says Albert the chauffeur, in Father Martin-dale's *Waters of Twilight*—"Temperament you start with, character you build up, if you know about it."¹

But here again a difference must be noted. Modifications of the temperament which are due to the action of the will may be either on the one hand more or less superficial, or on the other hand more or less fundamental and radical. For instance, a great deal of self-discipline and self-repression goes to the turning out of a thoroughly polished member of what is called "Society." But it may fairly be said that this kind of self-government does not by any means proceed from the central core of man's being, and may be not untruly described as the response of the human psycho-phy-

¹ *Waters of Twilight*, p. 122.

sical organism to the irritation of social friction, or—where some progress has already been made—to the fear of this same social friction; somewhat as the self-repression of the Indian brave is due to inherited conditions and personal experience of the danger which may attend the disclosure of his real sentiments to a possible enemy. And even of these higher forms of civic virtue, the successful development of which is the boast of our non-Catholic public schools, it may be affirmed with some confidence that they are, to a far greater extent than might at first sight be supposed, the product of external influences provoking a response from the superficial parts of man's being, rather than of a more deep-seated self-formation. But all this is very different from the kind of sacrifices which a man makes, or the kind of habitual self-denial and self-discipline which he practises, in obedience to conscience, as the Voice of God speaking in the inmost sanctuary or stronghold of the heart, or out of the deliberate desire to be more perfectly conformed to the likeness of Christ Jesus our Lord, who is the supremely perfect Model as He is the Divine Teacher of Mankind. "The word of God," says St. Paul, "is living and effectual, and more piercing than any two-edged sword; reaching unto the division of the soul and the spirit; and is a discoverer of the thoughts and intents of the heart."¹ But the word of man, and merely human motives and considerations, have no such penetrative power, and can stir only what may be called the surface soil of our being.

And here, of course, the matter is complicated by the necessity—plain to a Catholic but too often ignored by non-Catholic writers—of recognizing and allowing for the operations of Divine grace. For we must beware of ignoring or making light of the truth that the grace of God, acting in ways that can be only inadequately described in human language, may lead or spur its recipient to a kind of heroism which altogether transcends the powers of unaided nature, and is unintelligible to the carnal man. On the other hand, may it not be that the obstinate rejection of grace issues in a kind of quasi-diabolical malice which seems to be and perhaps sometimes is almost preternatural? But, waiving this latter point, "no one will deny," as Mrs. Wilfrid Ward has well said, "that we do greatly make or mar our lives by the marring or making of character, and the greatest drama is the unfolding of the

¹ Hebr. iv. 12.

action of the will as it adheres to or towards the Divine purpose."¹ And it is plain, at least to a Catholic, not only that the Catholic Faith affords the highest and most efficacious motives, as well as the fullest opportunities and the most abundant helps towards adherence to the Divine purpose, but also that the practice of self-watchfulness so earnestly and urgently inculcated upon Catholics does much to qualify the Catholic writer of fiction for that keen insight into character which is the most indispensable part of his mental equipment for his task.

In saying this I do not of course intend to call in question the indisputable fact that real and valuable studies of character-formation, as distinct from the mere modification of temperament, are to be found in the works of writers who are not of the Catholic Faith, or again that there are real and valuable character-studies by Catholic writers of which the subjects are non-Catholic (as in Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's *Great Possessions*); but in nearly all these cases it will, I think, be found that the really operative internal stimuli which lead to the development of character are just those fragments of Catholic truth which survive in the minds and hearts of so many conscientious Protestants. As Mrs. Ward says of the gifted authoress of *Adam Bede*: "The artist at the zenith of her powers was overmastered by her characters. George Eliot might deny a future life, Dinah Morris, Adam Bede, and the fallen Hetty know that they are to rise again."² And it is this and other related knowledge which leads Dinah Morris to saintliness, which steadies Adam Bede, and which alone could be the saving of Hetty Sorrel. Albert the chauffeur, in Father Martindale's story, disliked the Catholic religion, but that was because in blameless ignorance he imagined that the Catholic Church denied or made light of just those very Catholic truths by which he himself set store for the building up of character.

It is of course perfectly true that non-Catholic writers often imagine that they are describing character or character-formation when they are really speaking only of the moulding of personal habits to a conventional pattern, or of the striking of sparks when the flint and steel of opposing natures come into more or less violent contact; but that is only one example, among many, of the way in which men de-

¹ "Plots and Persons in Fiction," in *The Dublin Review*, October, 1908, p. 305.

² Mrs. Ward, *l.c.*

lude themselves with words when they forget or have never learned the true end of existence, and have, perchance, hardly begun to understand what is meant by making God's Will the sole rule of life and conduct. "In our mad world," says Dr. Barry in *The Two Standards*—"In our mad world . . . dreams govern men's conduct. . . . We like to give them effective names that shall disguise their flimsy substance, and thus it is customary to talk of ambitions, loves, ideals, . . . whereas in sober truth a little appetite and a deal of fancy compel us to that table at which we devour things not good for digestion."¹

"Things not good for digestion." These words of Dr. Barry's bring to mind a passage from Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's *One Poor Scruple*, in which the very same phrase occurs in a setting which may serve to illustrate my point. Madge Riversdale, the heroine or—to speak more correctly—the central personage of the story, has had a sound Catholic education, but, dazzled by the glare of social success, distracted by habitual dissipation, and now swayed by a strong human passion, has more than begun to lose her once firm grip of Catholic truth and of Catholic principles. Two persons are discussing her:

"The little woman is a Roman Catholic, is she not?" Bellasis had asked.

"Yes, Madge Riversdale is of Irish blood and French education," she [Cecilia] had replied.

"A *bonne fille du couvent*?" he had inquired.

"Yes, but not oppressively strict. Her diet includes a good many gnats. But she would not look at a camel."

"There are women for whom camels have no attraction," said Bellasis.

"That may account for it," Cecilia had answered indifferently. And that was all that was said of Madge.

Meanwhile on Madge herself, after her first round of visits to high-class country houses, pleasure had already begun to pall, and conscience to assert itself.

The weariness of the first home-coming . . . had deepened during the days that followed. She went to the theatre, and the plays were slow; she went to concerts, and she came to the conclusion that she was not really musical, which anybody else could have told her long ago. She went to the picture galleries, and though

¹ Barry, *The Two Standards*, p. 341.

she could not say that she was not artistic, she could find the fatigue intolerable. She was in a mood in which a woman educated in a less vivid faith would have played with religion. On that subject Madge was uncomfortable, thoroughly uncomfortable. The diet of gnats, of which Cecilia had spoken, had given her some sort of moral indigestion.¹

The fact was, of course, that whereas her new-found friends and acquaintances would have said that Madge was now beginning to appear in her true character, and was quietly but surely shedding the swathing-bands of superstition, in reality the process of character-formation was, for her and for the time being, in abeyance; and she was, to her own great peril, allowing temperament to have the upper hand, and to lead her whither it would.

How inadequate is the notion of character too often entertained by non-Catholics may appear from the frequency with which they (novelists among others) ascribe to some morbid peculiarity of inherited or artificially moulded disposition,—in other words to mere temperament rather than to true strength of character,—the heroic self-devotion of, for instance, Catholic nuns, especially of the Contemplative Orders. Readers of Mgr. Benson's *A Winnowing* may remember the cynical remark of Jim Fakenham, as he and his wife are motoring homewards after witnessing the solemn profession of Mary Weston in the Carmelite Convent at Manningham. "Jim broke the silence in the motor five minutes later. 'Temperament, my dear girl, that is all. You must make allowance for temperament.'"² The remark, it should be added, is only the last of a series recurring, like a refrain, at intervals throughout the story of a soul's uncomprehended struggles. And closely similar is the impression made on Mark Fieldes, in *One Poor Scruple*, by the sermon in which Father Clement describes the joy of a life wholly consecrated to God at whatsoever cost of physical discomfort and of entire self-renunciation. To Fieldes, too, it was a matter of temperament. Some people, it seemed to him (though the phrase is not Mrs. Ward's), were "made that way." It was a strange phenomenon, and one which appealed to his artistic sense, and to the emotional side of his being, but a matter of temperament after all.

And now I must point out that, in claiming for our fore-

¹ Mrs. W. Ward, *One Poor Scruple*, pp. 84, 87.

² R. H. Benson, *A Winnowing*, p. 320 (Shilling edition).

most Catholic novelists a definite superiority over the generality of non-Catholic writers of fiction in all that concerns the treatment of character, my meaning is not merely that they are more skilful in the analysis of character than the generality of non-Catholic writers, but that, as a definite result of their Catholic principles, they see more clearly that for each individual man the formation of character,—or, let us say, more explicitly, of the Christ-like character—is the one thing that really matters, even as St. Paul saw this truth when he wrote: "My little children, with whom I am again in labour till Christ be formed in you."¹ Of course all manner of consequences inevitably follow, whether we can detect them or not, from the formation, however imperfectly, of the Christ-like character in any individual man or woman; for no one lives to himself alone, and his acts or omissions cannot but affect others besides himself. But these consequences may safely be left—and are best left—to God's Providence. When (in Mgr. Benson's *Conventionalists*) Algernon Banister, faithful to a Divine call, became a Carthusian monk, Mary Maple, who had hoped to marry him and his broad acres, forthwith gave up her intention of seeking admission into the Catholic Church, and presently consoled herself by marrying a Manchester mill-owner. Very regrettable no doubt, but it was none of Algy's business; and Algy very properly and prudently left the care of Mary's future to that Divine Providence which watched over them both. If we knew the sequel of the story, we should probably find that Algy's sacrifice had not been fruitless for Mary Maple herself, and that in due course she had her second chance of a more single-hearted conversion, under stress of the disillusionments which the Manchester *ménage* doubtless had in store for her.

It was said, too, that when non-Catholic writers can truthfully be said to deal with character rightly so called, they must needs invoke the aid of religious truth, which is, fundamentally, Catholic truth, even though the Catholic Faith in its fulness is beyond the writer's grasp. Take the following from Mr. E. F. Benson's *Mammon and Co.* Kit, in the story, is a married lady who has compromised herself very badly indeed, yet hesitates to go all lengths, and on the other hand does not see how to recover herself.

"What am I to do?" [she asks her friend].

"Tell your husband."

¹ Gal. iv. 19.

"I think Jack would kill me, if I told him," said Kit.

"I am very sure he would not. Besides, what does that matter? Oh, what *does* that matter?"

Kit looked up to her in silence, but after a moment Lily went on:—

"Don't you see what I mean?" she said. "There are some situations in life, Kit, and this is one, where no side-issue, like being killed, comes in. There is, as God is above us, absolutely only one thing to be done, though there are a hundred arguments against it. What is the use of telling him? you might ask. Use? Of course there is no use [*i.e.* no obvious temporal advantage]. Why tell the disgrace? Why make him miserable? Why make him hate you, perhaps? Simply because you must, you must!"

And again:

"The great truths," said Kit, "God, religion, goodness—which mean so much to you, are nothing to me. I feel no real desire to be good, and yet I want not to be wicked. One suffers from being wicked. I can get no higher than that."

"Stick to that, Kit," said Lily. "I can tell you no more. Only I know, I know that, if one goes on doing the thing one believes to be best, even quite blindly, the time comes that one's eyes are slowly opened. Out of the darkness comes day. One sees from where one has come. Then one look, and on again."¹

The advice is sound, and is exactly what a Catholic would give under the circumstances. But think how much easier the adviser's task would be if Kit had, in childhood, imbibed Catholic teaching, on which, in her day of trial she could have been helped to fall back. To endeavour to form character, or to recover character when it has been weakened or lost, without the multitudinous aids which the Catholic religion affords, is to be sadly handicapped. Nevertheless, none are more ready than our Catholic writers of fiction to recognize that such personal disqualifications, especially when counterbalanced by good will, are no bar to the workings of the Divine mercy; and that a noble character may (if a man be true to the light that is in him) be built up on—so to say—the very edge of the bedrock of religious truth. Well worthy of study is the case of Mr. Biddulph, in Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's *The Light Behind*. Biddulph is not himself a Catholic; his religious beliefs are rudimentary in the extreme; yet even in these rudimentary beliefs he finds himself strengthened

¹ E. F. Benson, *Mammon and Co.*, pp. 261, 356.

as he watches by the death-bed of a Catholic friend, a man, humanly speaking, of no sort of distinction.

It was not patience but joy that shone from the ordinary features and dull eyes of the suffering old man. . . . Pursuing his [own] dim and perilous way amid the unbeliefs and foolish beliefs of his day and of his society, Biddulph had passed on undaunted. . . . His feet were on a rock of confidence in God, and his mind was profoundly reverent and patient of apparent mystery. But he had known few moments of soul-sunshine such as these. He became in love with the unattractive old man he was nursing,—he could not repress a tremor in his voice when he spoke of him.¹

Here, assuredly, we have a vivid pen-picture of the effects of Divine grace and of the Catholic Faith in ennobling the character of a very ordinary man, and in influencing, through him, one who lacks his spiritual privileges.

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¹ Mrs. W. Ward, *The Light Behind*, p. 273.

THE HEROINE OF "THE PERSIANS"¹

THE Persian Elders have sung their magnificent and yet foreboding chorus before the Palace of Susa, in honour of the Persian Army gone out to war against the Greeks, when their chanting is broken off by the entrance of the Queen-Mother; and at the appearance of that venerable figure, borne in her royal litter from the Palace, the old men hasten to do homage at her feet. In such stately fashion does Æschylus for the first time introduce Atossa.

And indeed she is no insignificant character either in history or in drama, this Atossa who in real truth played her part upon many stages—the daughter of the great Cyrus, the bride of the mad Cambyzes, of the impostor Smerdis, and of the valiant Darius—Queen-Mother of Xerxes and Regent of Persia in his absence. She saw the rise and she was also to see the ruin of the Persian Empire, and this venerable image of past splendour comes appropriately forward at the moment when we are about to hear of catastrophe. For the blow has fallen—had already fallen while the Chorus sang the glory of the Persian Army; "and they that shall weep the loudest for the accident are not yet entered into the storm, and yet have suffered shipwreck."

It was not, however, the way of Æschylus, as it was afterwards the way of Sophocles, to bring into sharp contrast moments of exultation and of ruin—the elder poet loved rather to dwell on those dim intimations which are caused by the approaching shadow of calamity. The note of dread has not been absent from the Chorus, and Atossa also has her tale of fear to tell. For it is in no spirit of heedlessness that the Queen-Mother, old in long experience, has sought her subjects:

Yea, my Palace I am leaving, with its splendour, gold-bedecked,
With its bower of Darius where I shared the monarch's rest.
Care has rent my heart with anguish. Friends, I seek you with
confession,
Since my spirit in its trouble knows no longer fearlessness.

¹ This study was written in the days of peace, but in these of war the subject has new significance—not only because in the time of the Greek poet an ambitious nation found ruin when it sought supremacy, but also because of his recognition of the fact that heroism is not only among combatants. We also have learned that from the midst of stress and agony there may rise forms of noble womanhood.

It is of her dream that she is thinking, but not only of her dream—even without the dream there would be cause enough for fear. The wealth of her son alarms her. Wealth is proud, and its boastfulness may call down a curse from Heaven. For are not both riches and poverty terrible in this world of men without wealth, and of wealth without defenders?

And of what advantage are the riches of their city now that the Eye of their homes—the master—is away? On all this, and more, she seeks their good advice, and when they have loyally promised their aid she tells the rest—to the old men, standing in sympathetic audience, the old Queen unfolds the vision of the night. It is not the first, but it is the most terrible that she has known since Xerxes made war upon the Greeks.

Two women stood before me.¹ Both were robed
With splendour; one in Persian raiment, one
In Dorian. Majestic seemed the pair,
Faultless in beauty; and like sisters seemed
Of the same parents, though from distant homes,
Greek and Barbarian. Then in my dream
I saw them strive together, till my son
Restrained and soothed them—to his chariot
Yoking the pair, and harnessing their necks.
Proud of her glorious array, the one
Yields to the rein; the other furious,
Tears at the chariot's trappings, spurns the rein,
And breaks in twain the yoke—then falls my son,
Dashed to the ground: when, lo! his father comes,
Darius, pitying—and that pity seeing,
Xerxes rends all his clothes for bitterness.
Such visions brought the night. My tale is told.

The dream has been told, but even this vision of the night has not been all. The omens after waking have been not less terrible. Rising from her restless couch, intent on making offering to the gods, the old Queen, after bathing her hands in pure water, has taken sweet incense to offer at the altar. Alas, in vain! Only ominous signs have followed—an eagle crouching before the claws of a pursuing kite, flying desperately to the altar for sanctuary.

Such terrors I have seen—my part to see,
And yours to hear.

But the daughter of Cyrus and the widow of Darius is still true to the traditions in which she has lived so many years.

¹ The Ionians of Asia and of Europe.

It may yet be possible for Xerxes to return in triumph, but even in ruin he will be still irresponsible—the King! It is the word of one who has lived all her life in the atmosphere of Persian royalty.

Yet it is to be observed, and it agrees with the real dignity of her character, that the Chorus are under little restraint when they reply, and that they give the old Queen their advice without servility. That advice is threefold; Atossa must once more entreat the gods, then offer libations to Earth and to the Dead—and then follows a strange clause in all simplicity. In the vision of the night, the Queen has seen Darius her husband, evidently still concerned on behalf of Persia—she must ask him to help them, and to ward off evil. So simply, so easily do these Persian Elders believe in the existence, the sympathy, the good offices of the Dead! They end by declaring that the omens seem favourable—a statement only possible on courtiers' lips.

Atossa judges it at its worth, but she receives it with royal courtesy. Their hearts are kind—may their good wishes be fulfilled! For the rest she will do willingly all they have advised. But she has still a question to ask, not introduced by Æschylus without intention—the famous question once asked by Darius her husband.

O, my friends, I pray ye, tell me where this Athens may be found?

The Queen speaks in good faith, but the irony of the dramatist is evident. The Elders reply in a phrase more picturesque than definite:

Far away in sunset regions, where the Sun-King seeks repose.

But Atossa is not satisfied,

Is it then indeed this city that my son has sought to win?

One would have thought that so great a queen, and so wise and prudent a mother, would hardly have shown so much ignorance with regard to her son's colossal expedition. But Æschylus had his Athenian audience to delight. The conversation proceeds on the lines on which it started—that is with one question after another from Atossa. Has this Athenian nation soldiers? Has it wealth? Does it excel in archery? What shepherd guides it? What! it has no king? How then can it resist invasion? And the prowess of Athens, its republican government, its spears and shields, its silver mines—all that made it possible for the Persians to be de-

feated—are set forth by the Elders in their answers to the Persian Queen. The conversation is one which gives little pleasure, and they bring it abruptly to a close by an allusion to Marathon. 'Alas! the remembrance of that past defeat comes too appropriately, for they are about to hear of Salamis.

A messenger approaches with the swiftness of a Persian courier. It is evident that tidings are at hand. As he comes near he utters wail after wail of lamentation, but for his statement a few words are sufficient:

The host of the Barbarians¹ has perished.

The blow has fallen! We have seen Atossa in anxiety, but we have now to learn how she bears herself in ruin.

For the moment she is silent. There are shrill, lamenting voices—the Chorus, the Messenger wail alternately. But Atossa is dumb and motionless in the concentration with which a strong nature receives calamity. At last she speaks; and the grave, measured words leave nothing of queenly or womanly dignity to be desired.

I have been silent, grief-struck and amazed,
For overwhelming is this tide of ill,
Leaving no power to speak, or ask of woe.
Yet needs must mortals bear calamity
That the Gods send. Unfold the whole to me.
Speak on! Be calm! Give rather words than groans.
Who is *not* dead? Whom must we now lament
Among our chieftains? Who, of those who ruled,
Leave their posts vacant, desolate by death?

The mother's lips dare not frame the question that is trembling on them. But the herald understands.

Xerxes still lives! He still beholds the light.

For the moment that is enough. We hear Atossa's cry of relief:

Thy word has given a great light to my home,
Brightly the day shines on our depth of night!

Alas! it is the only gleam that is permitted; for now follows, in one terrible detail after another, the story of disaster. Atossa interrupts the agonizing list of the dead Persian leaders to ask concerning the number of the Hellenes—

¹ *i.e.* The Persians and their allies, as described by the Athenian poet.

interrupts again indignantly when she hears of their scanty forces to ask whether the city of the Athenians has indeed escaped. But for the most part she hears in silence, only broken now and again by a question or a cry—and to that royal silence is unfolded the story of Salamis. . . .

The tale has been told. The Chorus have responded by a cry of grief; followed, like an echo, by another from Atossa—and now once more the Queen-Mother turns to them. Grief-stricken as she is, she is already composed, courageous, already turning her thoughts rather to the future than the past. Yet the remembrance of her dream has again occurred to her, and one passing word of reproach cannot be resisted. After all, she is a woman!

Vision of night, made manifest in dreams,
How clearly did'st thou show calamity!
Though ye too heedlessly interpreted.

To this passing thrust she is careful to add, with the royal courtesy that never fails her, that she will hasten to follow the advice given by the Elders—will pray to the gods, will offer gifts to the Earth and to the Dead. The past is over—it is for the future they must prepare. Even now better fortune may dawn! The old men must hold counsel with the Faithful; and one other duty she commends to them—perhaps the most important of all to her mother's heart:

My son! should he return before I come,
Comfort him, and escort him to his home,
Lest on our evils greater evil fall.

The old Queen is borne in her royal litter from the stage, and we are left with the wails of the Chorus. The First Scene is over.

But we have not done with Atossa. We are yet once more to see her—this time not only in converse with the Elders, but with the Dead.

As the wailing of the Chorus closes the Queen-Mother appears again upon the scene, opening the action of the Second Scene as of the First.

But how changed she is! We have seen her in her royal litter, gorgeously robed, surrounded by attendants. This time she is alone, and on foot, in simple mourning, and bearing her offering herself—milk, honey, water, and wine, a branch of olive-berries, and garlands of wild flowers. Nor is there

anything forced or affected in this humility—Atossa has a royal simplicity of nature, and has been content to learn like a child from suffering. With what simple dignity she speaks, not less ready to confess her bewilderment than to tell of the new knowledge which has been so dearly bought!

Friends, he whose life has learned calamity
Knows that when once the tide of woe has risen
Everything causes fear—while, when we see
That waves of Fate flow smoothly then we think
That the same Fate is kind for evermore.
So is my spirit over-filled with fear ;
Dread images from God oppress mine eyes,
And in my ears ring cries of agony
And not of triumph—terrors fill my soul.
Therefore without my chariot's luxury,
Bereft of usual state, my palace-doors
Again I leave, to my son's father bringing
Offerings that suit the Dead—white milk and pure
From sacred cow, bright honey from the bees
Labouring in flowers, water from virgin source,
And the joy born of rustic motherhood,
Draught of pure wine, from ancient vintage drawn ;
Then from the tree of ever-springing life
Sweet fruit of yellow olive-garlands too
Of flowers, the children of all-bearing Earth.
But ye, my friends, raising in hymns your chant
O'er these libations, as upon a God
Call on Darius ; while drink-offerings
I pour in honour of the Gods Below.

With these words Atossa, still bearing her offerings, goes on to the tomb of Darius, which is represented on the stage. There, in absolute silence, she pours out her libations ; while the shrill chanting of the Chorus rises near her. A strange chant this, for it is a wild and passionate entreaty to Earth, to Hades, to the Dead to send back Darius to the sunlight. Aidoneus—Aidoneus—send him back ! Darius, our true ruler—Darius, return to us ! Our King—our King of old days—come back, come back to us ! Come with saffron slipper and tiara as of old ! Master, master, our ships have perished, our ships have perished ! Wildly, passionately, with that reiteration of words which gives a compelling force to supplication, the Chorus wails and throbs beside the tomb. And the prayer is answered ! A shadowy form appears. It becomes distinct. Darius is with them as of old !

So in this ancient tragedy, the oldest surviving tragedy of Greece, we see face to face the Living and the Dead !

Atossa stands weeping, the elders are breathless and amazed; and before the Queen and the courtiers of old days is the King. Grim Powers have hold of him now, grim laws subdue him, it is only for a little while that he can appear before them. But he has heard the cries of the Elders, he has seen his wife standing near the tomb; and though the gods of Hades are more ready to seize men than to release them, he is a prince even there, and they have allowed him a little while on earth. Only let those who speak to him be quick! What are these evils that have come upon the Persians?

So speaks Darius. But there is little answer to his words. The Elders stand trembling and breathless, overwhelmed. How dare they speak to their old master, so much revered in life, and tell him of this ill-fortune that has chanced? Strange! it is this entirely human dread that overpowers them, and not the feeling that they are talking to a Ghost. Was the supernatural world received with so much simplicity in those far-off days when *Æschylus* wrote *The Persians*?

Whatever their fears are, Darius has no time to disperse them. As they will not answer his questions he turns with dignified courtesy to Atossa. Will not the partner of old days, his noble wife, leave off her weeping and tell him what has chanced? Many sorrows fall on mortals.

Atossa answers with grave composure, and with the stately compliments due to a Persian monarch. Between herself and her husband is the gulf that separates one world from another, but to her practical nature it is more evident that the need of the moment must be met. Her answer displays all the natural skill and tact with which a woman reveals calamity.

Happiest in favouring fortune, passing all the bliss of mortals,
Enviably was thine existence while thine eyes still saw the light;
Blesséd deemed by all the Persians, even as a God regarded;
Now I envy thee in dying, seeing not our load of anguish.
Briefly, in a word, Darius, hear the tale that tells of evil.
Overwhelming is the ruin that has fallen on the Persians.

There is no time for lament—scant time even for information—in the brief interval allowed by Hades to Darius. In the most human fashion there follows a rapid conversation between the dead husband and the living wife. The nature of the evil—the maniacal pride of Xerxes—the ruin of the army—the escape of the young monarch—all these details are asked and told in the quickest interchange of words, without

a moment's pause for useless grief. At the close, however, the dead monarch allows himself some bitter lamentations over the folly of his son; which Atossa, with motherly tenderness, attributes to the evil counsellors who surrounded the young King—for one circumstance she entirely passes over, the fact that Xerxes was carrying out his father's plans. It is conveniently forgotten also by the Ghost, who in a long soliloquy contrasts the past greatness of the Persian monarchs with the rashness of their young successor.

At this point the Elders interrupt with anxious questions, and with her usual quiet dignity Atossa stands apart; she has given all the information that the Shade of Darius required, and is content to take no further share in the conversation. So she listens in silence to the mournful predictions of the Ghost—who begins at last to display some supernatural knowledge; and to his wise counsel, (likely to be appreciated by an Athenian audience), that the Persians should attempt no more expeditions against Greece. One last word, however, there is for her at the close—the last injunction which makes the tenderest farewell:

Mother of Xerxes, dear and venerable,
Seek in the Palace fit habiliments,
And go to meet thy son, for round his limbs
The robes are rent and torn for bitterness;
Then with wise words and gentle speak to him,
Since he will hearken to thy voice alone.
Meanwhile, forsaking earth, I seek the Shades.
Rejoice, ye elders, even in your ills,
And fill your lives with daily happiness;
Even wealth can give no pleasure to the dead.

With these last words, full of sad irony, very different from the words with which he has just addressed Atossa, the Shade of Darius fades from mortal sight. The Persian Elders have called the Dead to life. But no help has come to them, even from the Dead. For Atossa, however, there remains her husband's last command; and with womanly tenderness she sets about her task at once.

O God, how many evils has thou brought
On me, most miserable! And of every pang
Most sharply bites the grief of which I hear—
My son's return, shame-stricken, clothed with rags.
But I will go, and taking from my home
Some fit apparel, seek to meet my son.
Not in their grief forsake we those we love.

It is the last word—Atossa leaves the stage, courageous, loyal, and tender to the end. She has no part in the passionate wailing that concludes the play—to the last Æschylus was mindful of the dignity of his Persian Queen.

But it is her figure that remains with us—this old heroine, stately, tender, womanly, child-like, simple in character in spite of manifold experience. Worthily, and with a dignity all her own, does Atossa lead the Heroines of Tragedy. Prickard, a modern writer on Æschylus, has said that she exemplifies the words of Plato—"an imitation of the best and noblest life."

M. A. CURTOIS.

LES VALEURS

HE gave expression to impressions felt
Keenly. The blasted tree, mid-winter bare
Against a summer sky; the sun's last flare
On rosy walls; the myriad stars that belt
A dreamy world; old shrines where saints had knelt,
Byzantinely, he hoped; the burnished hair
Of Magdalen;—for these he would prepare
His heart; then let that tutored organ melt.

He loved dim churches, and elusive, vague
Enchantments: for the definite might damp
An artist's joy in old Italian crime.
But Grace, in wait to cleanse him of his plague,
Has brought him, past the sanctuary lamp,
To one live Value, timeless and sublime.

ARMEL O'CONNOR.

A BELGIAN ARCHITECT AND REFORMER

SUCH a life and lifework as that of Jean Baptiste, Baron Béthune, must at any time command interest of a personal, artistic, and religious order. To-day, when the eyes of the world are on Belgium, and the fate and future of her material fabrics is among the vital questions of the hour, the character and career of this modern apostle of Christian Art and Architecture assumes a more than ordinary interest and significance. With the England of his generation, too, and its kindred spirits, he had, as we shall see, notable relations, especially in the earlier and educative period of his career. The preoccupations of his life, however, and his own retiring disposition, did not admit of his becoming widely known to the interested foreigner abroad: much less so indeed was he than his brother, of still recent memory,—the late Monsignor Béthune, the sharer of his tastes and enthusiasms, and long the universal and unfailing friend of the unfailling English visitor at Bruges.

Since the death of the former in 1894, various memoirs of the architect-revivalist have appeared, including, some ten years since, a handsome and bulky illustrated work by his friend and fellow-worker, M. Jules Helbig, the Liégeois painter—himself since deceased. With the help, past or present, of such records, supplementing some independent acquaintance with the story that they tell and the works they deal with, and even some recollections of the central figure in person, let us endeavour to present a slight picture of the man and of the movement. The former is vividly called to mind by the fine portrait prefixed to the major volume—a reverend head, whose high brow and observant eye and comely beard well accord with the character of an artist and an idealist.

What strikes one forcibly, in the perusal of this biography, is the exceptional character of its subject and of the conditions in which he worked; the union of architect and amateur, the association of a profound spirituality with exacting professional practice, the combination of unwonted methods and ideals with considerable practical success; although in

truth his own unworldliness seems to have subjected him to frequent misunderstanding and depreciation: for long "*un grand incompris*," is a phrase used of him by his biographer, who even seems to imply that he was indifferent as to remuneration for his services. In any case his labour was essentially a labour of love, an expression of principle. In his own way indeed as keen a crusader as Pugin himself, yet there was nothing in his amiable and sensitive nature of the fiery ardour and effort which, while kindling the mind of its generation, prematurely spent itself. His, though a strenuous and unwearied ministry, was quiet and unsensational, and not without the defects of its qualities, but which none the less succeeded in establishing a new order of things at home while fostering a flame not purer indeed but more vivid perhaps than its own, in the Catholic art-world of the neighbour-people of Holland.

The nineteenth century Revivals of Mediæval Art were of course, especially on the Continent, dead against the then accepted doctrines and practice of the academy and of the profession. Paralleled in other fields of action, they were the outcome and expression of the uprising, among the more generous spirits of the age, against the lifeless formalisms and classical absolutism inherited from the eighteenth century and the degenerate eclecticism of current taste; the active protest of earnest and gifted individuals, voicing however a sentiment more or less existent in the public mind. They represented a moral as well as a technical revulsion towards the discarded ideals of the Middle Ages, and were a reassertion at the same time of nationalism in Art.

In Belgium the preliminary conditions of the problem in the middle of the last century differed widely from those of the English movement somewhat earlier in the day. The ground was less well prepared in respect to both popular and professional sympathy. Academic orthodoxy was more strongly entrenched, officialism a more powerful influence; the clergy too—in England, and among the Anglicans especially, ready adherents—were in Belgium indifferent or even hostile to what they judged innovation and interference. Exceptions apart,¹ taste and practice were indeed at a very

¹ It should not be forgotten that about this time our fellow-countryman, Mr. T. H. King (author of *The Study Book of Mediæval Architecture*) was already working with pen and pencil in the good cause at Bruges—a city which shortly afterwards attracted other Englishmen of like predilections.

low ebb, whether in secular or ecclesiastical art. Nor was there that special opening for the latter supplied to Anglicanism by a ritualistic revival, and to Catholicism by the influx of converts at home and of subjects from overseas, and by the expansion of its hierarchy; or again to this country at large by the rapid development of industrial centres. This last process was indeed at work to some extent in Belgium, and to become more marked, but the land was for the most part already well served by large and ancient churches. On the other hand, Belgium was traditionally and actively Catholic, her churches retained not only their ancient worship, but much too of the mediæval equipment of which their English compeers had been ruthlessly shorn; her cities, in spite of the havoc of the French Revolutionary epoch, still possessed a far greater wealth of examples in civic and domestic antiquity than our own, and were, at all events in the early years of national independence, comparatively unmodernized. If therefore the opportunity for reform was smaller, and the opposition greater, the inspiration was more abundant.

He in whom that inspiration was chiefly to fructify, or at all events to centre, was born at Courtrai, in West Flanders, in the year 1821; but the name is suggestive rather of French, or at least of frontier, origin. His father, ex-member of the Congress of 1830, Senator and Burgomaster, was an honoured citizen whose own exemplary upbringing had been conducted under the stress and difficulty of the revolutionary *régime*. It was natural enough that this son of his, though manifestly of artistic tastes and gifts, should be destined for a career in public life, and that he should be sent to graduate for the same in the offices of the *Chef-lieu de province* at Bruges. Neither Bruges nor politics, however, were finally to claim him;—but he was to yield to them in the next generation his own eldest son, who, himself a keen archæologist, became Governor of West Flanders before his somewhat premature decease. It appears that in the father's case a deciding influence came in the form of a meeting at Courtrai with Montalembert, who, connected by marriage with Belgium, as he was by birth with England, visited the country periodically. Acting on this occasion as his guide to the town, young Béthune received from his visitor—zealous for Christian Art as for all high causes—an impression which worked in him not only a change of artistic outlook, till then of the conventional order, but eventually settled his choice of

a career.¹ Hereafter we find him "in the movement"; travelling and sketching at home and abroad, visiting England with introductions to Pugin and to Lord Shrewsbury, and reporting his seeings and doings in descriptive letters. Pugin he visited on various different occasions, and evidently as an admiring disciple. He wished indeed to become formally his pupil; but the taking of pupils did not by any means enter into Pugin's very individual methods. The aspirant however succeeded in gaining admittance to Messrs. Hardman's establishment at Birmingham, and there studied for some time in a practical manner the revived art of stained glass.

The English connection and experience seem to have had an abiding influence on his style; but apart from this Béthune appears to have been mainly self-taught, and to have worked up into architecture, without a normal training, through the accessory arts of design, for which he possessed no doubt a special gift. At Bruges, as early as 1850, he was interesting himself in such, and in particular set up there a workshop for the design and manufacture of stained glass. These pursuits he took with him when some years later he removed from the artistic to the industrial capital of Flanders at Ghent, where he carried them on with the help of craftsmen and collaborators either found or formed by himself. This association with the workers and the workshop was of course a fortunate and valuable circumstance, supplying a certain practical basis in his technical formation. His house at Ghent became presently the centre of a group of artists and designers, allied in labours and in sympathies. In actual building his beginnings seem to have been tardy and of no special promise. Nevertheless, though without being in a position to trace the stages of development, we find him before long engaged on works of a stylistic character and quality practically new to the Belgium of that day.

Two interesting examples, both early works of their kind, are to be found in the neighbourhood of Bruges, and may be instanced as illustrating Béthune's ecclesiastical and domestic manner respectively. The one, erected by private benefaction, is a country church with appurtenant buildings—convent, school, and presbytery—at Vyve Capelle, which dates

¹ The personal connection proved an enduring one, and when some five and twenty years later Montalembert died, it was Béthune who was called upon to design his tomb.

from 1862. Though small in scale, the group forms a picturesque oasis of art in the flat and somewhat featureless landscape. The church, like the rest, is built of brick after a simple native mode, and dignified by a central tower and slated spire. The interior is lofty, and ceiled in characteristic cradle form, the whole being decoratively painted with some success. The main features, however, are the richly carved fittings, enhanced with gold and colour, and notably the rood-screen, pulpit and altars, the former of which is adorned with scenes from the Passion. In the upper part of the transept an elegant little organ-front and loft is bracketed-out, the folding wings—those charming adjuncts of ancient organ and altar—being decorated with delicately painted figures. The whole interior effect is devout and artistic, while externally the churchyard, with its lych-gate and decorative little Calvary-group, completes a pleasing picture composed after the ancient Flemish pattern. The surrounding hamlet, too, has modelled itself on the same ideal. It is worth noting that at this date the English Revival had strayed far from the national type fixed by Pugin into an ill-conceived imitation of foreign models, and chiefly of the harshest phase of early French work.

The other example, on a more important scale, is the château of Lophem. It is of interest to note that this building was originally planned by the younger (Edward) Pugin, and that the foundations were already laid when, in 1859, Béthune was called in to carry on the work, whose style and detail he fundamentally, and in the circumstances happily, altered to conform with local tradition. As his first effort, apparently, of real consequence, and one which practically necessitated the training of craftsmen for the purpose, its success is the more remarkable. A building not low and spreading, as might be an English mansion after the Tudor fashion, it is gathered from its level site into a lofty mass, with high-pitched roofs and sharp gables, centralizing in a slender entrance-tower, while a graceful chapel-oriel is corbelled-out from the same front. Save this feature, executed in stone, the façades are mainly of the traditional brick, treated in long vertical window-panels with traceried heads after the familiar Bruges fashion. The interior, with its fine open hall, ceiled with a rich "pendant" roof of the period, is not the painters' "Flemish interior" of the early Renaissance, quaintly formal, subduedly picturesque, but one bright

with Gothic fancy and mediæval pieties, with carving and colour and varied detail—the whole perhaps a little French in feeling. The main scheme of design is carried through the furniture and fittings with uncompromising fidelity and admirable effect, while certain principal apartments are frescoed with sacred and historical subjects on strict mediæval lines. So complete and thorough-going a rendering of ancient precedent is seldom to be found in domestic design, and it is typical of the spirit and achievement of this Belgian school, and of its leader. The external picture is rounded off by a small gate-house, and a moat which partly encircles the main building.

In due course, important church work naturally came to his hand—yet none, in so far as the fabric itself was concerned, of the first magnitude. The Belgian Revival indeed has not produced—nor has the country required—churches on the scale of some of those produced by the parent movement in England, or even by the younger-sister movement in Holland. No new Cathedral—no Westminster or Truro, no Haarlem or Breda—has arisen on her soil, while of course a number of churches, as of other neo-Gothic buildings, have been raised under other immediate auspices than those with which this review is concerned. The most considerable ecclesiastical work carried out by Béthune was the Benedictine Abbey of Maredsous, near Namur, which forms a very extensive pile of buildings.¹ Founded, in the stress of the *Kulturkampf* of the 'seventies, from Beuron across the German frontier, it became for various reasons a work of predilection to its architect. Depending as one must for one's impressions upon views and descriptions, it is nevertheless plain that this spacious three-storied church with its many-storied community-buildings, grouped round a cloister-court, and standing on an upland, must form a very striking architectural composition. The whole is designed on appropriately austere lines, and reminds one not a little of Pugin's very grand but unrealized scheme for the Benedictines of Downside. The interior of the *Abbatiale*, with its raised choir and rood-screen, its coved roof, its square east-end and rose-windows, its sixteen side-chapels with their befitting furniture and equipment, can scarcely fail to be impressive, although one feels that much must depend on the quality of the colour-

¹ According to the best available information, it has been left uninjured by the invaders.

scheme in wall and window—for the building is profusely polychromed, and colour ever dominates form.

Of somewhat the same type, and again showing the square English east-end, is the large twin-steepled pilgrimage church of Oostacker,¹ near Ghent, with its lofty and decorative interior, as also the simpler but effective contemporary church of the new Grand Béguinage at Ghent, the latter forming the central feature of a little community-township hastily constructed in 1874 to replace the historic *locale* claimed by a hostile Town Council. The surrounding dwellings were designed, in picturesque and appropriate old-Flemish style, by a colleague.

In connection with Oostacker—a shrine erected by private piety and known as Nôtre-Dame-de-Lourdes en Flandres—a word must be added of an intimately personal bearing. During this decade of his career, the architect had been crippled in a bad railway accident, in which he also lost a young son. The circumstances caused some stir, for railway accidents were rare in Belgium, and these victims bore a well-known name. Some time later, he was proceeding on pilgrimage to this same church, assisted by members of his family, when he all at once found himself able to dispense with help, and, in short, enjoying the free use of his limbs. This event, recorded in his Life, was also recounted by himself to a relative of the present writer.

More favoured than many of his English brethren, the Belgian architect was able to command in general the fitting and adornment of his own churches—a condition so essential to artistic unity and success. But beyond this, he was called upon to supply designs for all kinds of furniture for ancient churches up and down the country. And such designs formed a large, and perhaps the best and most congenial, part of his practice. One may instance—from the examples given—such altar-triptychs as that supplied to the noble church at Lierre, where painter and carver and decorator were associated in the production of a rich and beautiful work of art, such delicately traceried screen and stall work as that in S. Sauveur's at Ghent; metal-work of every kind, and particularly some costly shrines of the finest character for relics of great antiquity and veneration, such as those of S. Lambert at Liège and Charles-the-Good at Bruges. His goldsmithery

¹ It may be well to note that this rather curious-looking name is, in fact, like so many others in Flanders, almost English, and simply means *East-acre* or *field*.

indeed was particularly successful, and largely ousted the inferior productions of the Lyons firms. In stained glass—always a favourite department, though handed over ultimately to a younger colleague¹—his most important work was the great south-transept window in Antwerp Cathedral—a city with its own strong school of revived art—appropriately portraying the Glorification of God by the Arts personified in their representatives. In addition to such employment, his facile and tireless hand busied itself with designs for textiles and embroidery, as for book-binding and typography, wherein he inspired the productions of the well-known firm of Desclée; while not only did he draw cartoons for the painter, but occasionally executed them himself.

For the execution of much of his art-and-craft work he depended on the extensive workshops he had established for the purpose at Maltebrugge, near Ghent, where statuary and carving of all kinds were carried out under the able direction of the Brothers Blanchaert—well supplied with pupils from M. de Hemptinne's adjacent orphanage; the associated institutions moreover affording the architect an opportunity for a fine group of buildings. Here, as elsewhere, the works of art and religion proceeded hand-in-hand.

In the latter part of his career the Baron was much engaged with the promotion of the Ecole de S. Luc, a school of drawing and design founded by him in earlier days. As time went on it developed into an important technical centre, comprising a complete 7-years' course of teaching, equipped with a fine museum of ancient models, and housed in extensive buildings designed by himself. Its practical direction (while still acting himself as occasional instructor) he entrusted to the Christian Brothers. Through this institution, which from Ghent ultimately branched to the chief cities of Belgium, and even over the border to Lille, he was able to extend, so to speak, and perpetuate himself. In the course of time considerable works—public and semi-public works, some of them—have been carried out by his followers. Without adequate acquaintance with this development, one must speak cautiously of its character. A good deal, certainly, has been excellently done. In other cases it seems chargeable with

¹ I understand—and mention in order to bring this narrative into due relation with the present—that this colleague is one of the two parliamentary deputies on whose behalf, sentenced to imprisonment by the Germans, the good offices of the Holy Father have recently been successfully claimed.

an over-elaboration (a consequence perhaps of public money) and an effort after originality foreign to the Founder's own practice. It has, too, occasionally handled that early Renaissance style so distinctively developed in Belgium; a departure which, should it imply a modification of the far too drastic ideals of "restoration" heretofore current there, is so far all to the good.

Another of his many activities was connected with the Guild of St. Thomas and St. Luke, of which he was long the president. Dating from 1863, it appears to have been an indirect outcome of the noted Congress of Belgian Catholics held at Mechlin in that year, which, as we know, Montalembert also attended and addressed. Among the pioneers of the Guild we find names since become familiar, including, it may be permitted to say, that of Mr. W. H. J. Weale. Both clergy and laity, artist and amateur, united in its ranks, which comprised men prominent in all good works, and notably in that of St. Vincent de Paul, so widely spread in Belgium. This organization, with its annual excursion at home and abroad, its journal, the *Bulletin*, and its associated enterprise, the well-known *Revue de l'art chrétien*, first founded in France, was of much consequence to the propaganda, and brought its members into touch with kindred spirits and kindred societies in other countries, including England, visited in 1882 and 1893,¹ and—dare one recall it?—Germany.

As regards Germany, indeed, it was none other than Béthune that was chosen to design the important mosaic work for the decoration of the Cupola of Charlemagne's Dom at Aix-la-Chapelle—a handsome tribute to the reputation and powers of the architect, who had formed one of an International Committee of Consultation. For the purposes of this unusual work, he, like Bentley in after years for his Westminster commission, travelled to Italy to study the precedents, accompanied by M. Helbig, his biographer. It must be added with regret that owing to the control of the execution being withdrawn from the designer, the final result was a disappointment to him. For sundry churches in the Rhineland too he designed furniture and stained windows, some of the last being found at Kiederich, whose beautiful

¹ On this last occasion—the last of all for Béthune himself—the Guild and its President were entertained at the Mansion House by Lord Mayor Sir Stuart Knill.

church was being rehabilitated by Sir John Sutton. With the latter, who was also engaged with his great work of the English Seminary at Bruges, upon whose new buildings he employed to carry out his ideas an architect of the Ghent School, Baron Béthune was in close personal sympathy and relation, and an excellent portrait-sketch of him by the Baron is reproduced in M. Helbig's volume.

With France, again, he had professional relations, and produced a graceful design for the Œuvre des Flamands à Paris, a church and convent of the Sacred Heart. It must be deplored that an important scheme furnished for the buildings of the Catholic University at Lille eventually came to naught. His influence on the remarkable—but to us little known—Revival School of Holland has been referred to; and when at a ripe age the Belgian leader went to his final reward, his distinguished Dutch colleague, Dr. Cuyppers—still, we believe, surviving in advanced years—attended his obsequies and publicly referred to him as his “master”—a title which, one may reflect, enables us in England to claim this youngest Revival as in some sort the child of our own.

In the many works of one kind and another associated with the name of Béthune we find varying degrees of merit, and it is not always easy to say, without specific information, how much was due exclusively to “Maitre-Jean” himself and how much to collaborators and disciples, for there reigned in the Ghent circle a remarkable fraternity and solidarity. But his best and most personal work, of which the published illustrations give examples, must command one's admiration by the purity of its form and, in figure subjects, the spirituality of its feeling. His designs for art-and-craft work are often masterly, both in themselves and in their scholarship, while there is something of the Fra-Angelico touch in his drawings of sacred and saintly personages. But he had the limitations of his excellencies, and it must be owned that the ideality sometimes runs to feebleness, and the artistic asceticism to poverty. The figure-work in stained-glass and pictorial design, due at all events to his influence, is prone to a certain leanness and angularity which compares unfavourably, for instance, with the grave masculinity of the Beuron School. Nor were such defects wholly involuntary: “One lack of realism (*invraisemblance*) the more; what does it matter?” he would say, mildly, when friends demurred to some inexactitude of drawing or anatomy; therein missing,

it would seem, the distinction between convention prompted by art itself, or dictated by material, and a deficiency arising out of a certain disdain for naturalism. In this connection it is worth noting that just as he disallowed to the student of humanities the reading of the classic authors of antiquity, so he disallowed to his art-students the drawing of the undraped figure from the life—a method, nevertheless, not unknown to the mediævals themselves. With respect to architectural work properly speaking, his predominantly decorative and artistic gift, and no doubt the absence of a regular training, leaves as regards results something to be desired in boldness of design and what one may call structural sentiment, especially when hampered by poorer materials and narrower funds than are commonly available in England. Moreover, he chose by preference, though not exclusively, that earlier, purer, but austerer phase of historic style which has corresponding perils for its followers in a less robust age.

Nevertheless, when all reservations are made, to Jean Béthune belonged the prophetic vision and prophetic virtue. He made the dry bones live, the spirit of the past to stir again. Together with his technical skill, he brought into his own work, and inspired in his followers, a devotion to ideals, a faithfulness to ancient exemplars—and especially to those of his own land,—a completeness of artistic range, and a thoroughness of practical organization, which favourably transformed over a wide field the outlook and the practice of architecture and its accessory arts in Belgium, and exercised an influence beyond its borders. Although his work and his sympathies lay chiefly along ecclesiastical lines, yet no more than the mediævals themselves did he know in point of style any divorce between sacred and secular art. He took the mediæval tradition whole-heartedly and *as a whole*, and his name must ever stand in honour amid those of the nineteenth century protagonists of a Revival at once national, artistic, and religious.

One cannot conclude without asking: Has not this life-record an obvious bearing on certain practical problems of—as one trusts—the near future? If the external reconstitution of ravaged Belgium is to be a genuine one, embodying the national sentiment and tradition, and not a new departure emptied of the past, reminiscent of nothing but recent misfortune; if the country is to retain or recover, as far as may

be, the characteristic features which constituted its own pride and the admiration of its neighbours—must there not be a work in store for those, whose practice, like their masters, has been founded on the intimate study of her native heritage in art and architecture? If her shattered cities and wasted villages are to re-arise comely or recognizable; if the prostrate towers of Ypres should one day be summoned from their precious dust—perchance to crown, upon their own site, that Memorial City we have heard projected—or a modern miracle be invoked to re-create the ancient marvel of the Dixmude *jubé*—and these may stand as typical;—to whom could such special works be better entrusted than to the ready-organized disciples (the ablest of course and most approved) of one whose active existence was dedicated to the retrieval of lost arts and the recovery of ancient beauties?

W. RANDOLPH.

THE DATE OF THE GOSPELS IN THE LIGHT OF TEXTUAL HISTORY

THE path of textual criticism is steep and thorny. Independent inquiry into the origin, date, character and evidential value of various carefully-guarded, time-worn and more or less inaccessible manuscripts is a task arduous and concentrated enough to deter any save the enthusiastic and leisured specialist. Nowhere is this more true than in the realm of New Testament textual criticism, and we owe a debt of gratitude to those generations of scholars whose lifelong labours are at last beginning to bear fruit. The object of this study is to recover and restore the New Testament text on the most approved scientific lines, and to give it back to us as literally as possible, in the form in which it left the pens of the Evangelists. After an exhaustive examination of numberless codices, Patristic quotations, and papyrus fragments, the versions of the New Testament have been classified into three outstanding types, under the general names of the α , β , and δ text,¹ and this classification is commonly recognized as resting on a sound basis. Each of these types has had and probably still has doughty champions to fight for it. The protracted controversy over the respective merits of the α and the β text which marked the final stage of the conflict in the last century will come up to the minds of many. Happily the great battles over this ground have now been fought and won (if expert opinion goes for anything), and the decision, though not less honourable to the vanquished than to the victors, has helped to dispel some of the mists that cloud our way. The net result of this controversy, represented by the protagonists Miller and Burgon on the one side, and Westcott and Hort on the other, is that, though still liturgically supreme and long likely to remain so, the "textus receptus" which dominated the Church from the fourth to the nineteenth century, has been dethroned in the eyes of most textual critics, and its high place has been taken by what is variously known as the Alexandrian, Neutral, or β text, with the splendid fourth-century Codex Vaticanus as its choicest exemplar. This does not mean that all Textual problems have

¹ The γ text is an inferior and negligible type.

been solved. Still less does it imply that the labours of the two great Cambridge scholars, Westcott and Hort, have enabled us to recover the evangelical autographs in their literal accuracy; but their results undoubtedly form a landmark in the history of the New Testament text, and in the measured words of Dr. Souter¹: "It appears that a great advance upon the text of Westcott and Hort in the direction of the original autographs is highly improbable, at least in our generation. If they have not said the last word, they have at least laid foundations which make it comparatively simple to fit later discoveries into their scheme."

Setting out, then, with a full assurance that in the victory of the Neutral or β text over the α or Traditional text there is absolutely and emphatically no theological issue at stake, this era of textual truce and dispassionate study favours an attempt to look around us and appreciate the value of these widely-accepted conclusions, in so far as they bear upon the date of the Gospel autographs and the substantial integrity of their transmission down the ages. In this latter respect nothing could be more comforting than the grave verdict of Westcott and Hort,² that: "The books of the New Testament assuredly speak to us in every important point in language identical with that in which they spoke to those for whom they were originally written."

Before entering upon this inquiry, it will be helpful to survey some of the leading arguments on which this conservative position,—always held by the Church quite independently of the science of textual criticism,—is based. To begin with, it is hard to see how gross corruptions could have found their way into the texts used by the Christians in Apostolic or even sub-Apostolic times. The Apostles and their disciples were jealously careful to safeguard the truth as it had come to them. The earliest New Testament writings—the Epistles of St. Paul—show us that they were ever on the watch against the least innovation, fiercely intolerant of error, schism and heresy, devoted with an utter loyalty to the Person and teaching of Christ. While therefore Apostles, or disciples, or eye-witnesses of the Gospel events, still survived, their approval or dissent would naturally be the final test of the authenticity or spuriousness of anything connected with the sacred text. True, numberless copies were continually being

¹ A. Souter, *Text and Canon of the N. T.*, p. 138.

² *Introduction to the N. T. in the original Greek*, p. 284.

made, and into such copies accidental transpositions and verbal inaccuracies were bound to intrude; but this very multiplicity of copies would be a bar to the admission of substantial corruptions. The sheer weight of numbers would tell against novelties. Again, in this multiplication, corrective as well as divergent influences must be taken into account. Often enough, the sure-footedness of one scribe would serve to counteract the stumblings of another. Moreover, from the earliest times, we have evidence of the care with which the collected Gospels were handled and preserved. We find them associated with the books of the Old Testament and forming part of the earliest-recorded, Christian liturgy. In fact, as Mr. Turner points out:¹

We cannot get back to a period which records a stage of growth of these particular Gospels in public estimation: as soon as the feeling of the need of authoritative writings grew up, Christians took to the Four as instinctively as a child to its mother's milk. This undesigned and unargued agreement as to what Gospels were the Gospels of the Church—or in later phrase "canonical"—is surely one of the most striking things in early Christian history.

In the light of all this it becomes possible to understand the fierce denunciations which the Apologists heaped upon any Gnostic who dared to meddle with the sacred text. Clearly the Christians themselves would never have anything to do with such perversions. And indeed, can anyone honestly be said to have detected in the present contents of our Gospels any definite indications that they have been thus wrought upon by the unorthodox? Had Sanhedrin or Synagogue had it in their power to touch the New Testament their action would surely not have been limited to such trivial excisions or interpolations as would still allow of its perpetuating so terrible an indictment against their race. Rather, it is obvious that Jew and Gentile alike would have treated the Gospels to the far more summary fate of swelling a bonfire in the local market-place.

External evidences, then, added to internal considerations, enables the Christian apologist to bridge over the period between the mid-first century—when the Synoptics may have begun to write—and the latter half of the second century. At this date the stream of tradition begins to flow with a tide,

¹ C. H. Turner, "Textual Criticism of the N. T.," *Journal of Theological Studies*, X. 166.

swelling at every turn and twist of the decades, until it broadens out into the full flood of textual transmission, with which we are familiar, through the papyrus fragments and venerable Uncials of the following centuries. Indeed, from about 150 A.D. onwards, the historical evidence for the correct transmission of the Gospels is so strong, that even radical critics of the extreme left find it necessary to ante-date the substantial accretions with which they credit our text. They manage to whittle away—sometimes, be it said, plausibly enough—such fragmentary evidence as is drawn from the early writings of Clement, Ignatius, Barnabas, Polycarp, and Hermas; but with the advent of Justin (c. 150 A.D.) the throng of witnesses begins to grow so dense, that common prudence compels them to call a halt and dig themselves in. It is precisely at such a stage in the forward march of our evidence that the value of the following argument from textual evolution becomes manifest. If by its means we are able to launch another attack across the contested no-man's ground, between the latter half of the first and of the second centuries, their precarious position is rendered still more indefensible. The argument is founded on certain assumptions and inferences to which critics are wont to appeal, and to which they are therefore not unlikely to lend a willing ear.

We have already shown how, in the work of reconstruction, the "traditional" or α text is of little direct value. The issue of its contest with the Neutral text settles that. The question, therefore, resolves itself into the respective values to be attached to the β and δ texts. Westcott and Hort, drawing after them the vast majority of critics, have leant with all the weight of their authority towards what they have styled the "Neutral"—preferably the β text. With the third type, championed *à d'outrance* by Blass, and more reservedly by Salmon and von Soden, we are here most directly concerned. It was long misnamed the "Western type," but is best known by the non-committal designation of the δ text. The story of its origin is buried in mystery. The varieties it admits and the sub-classes into which it is divided prove it to have been the victim of deteriorating influences. Two facts about it, however, stand out and demand close consideration. It can be traced back to the very threshold of the sub-apostolic age, and at a remarkably early date it is the dominant text throughout the whole known Christian world.

Marcion (c. 140 A.D.), Justin (c. 150 A.D.), Tatian (c. 170 A.D.), Irenaeus (c. 180 A.D.), Tertullian (c. 190 A.D.), Clement of Alexandria (c. 200 A.D.) are witnesses in proof of its currency among the congregations of Italy, Gaul, Northern Africa, Greece, Asia Minor, and Egypt—though the great literary centre of Alexandria seems also to have preserved the purer text. When to this catalogue we add the evidence of Old-Syriac and Old-Latin versions, which in their origins carry us well back into the second century, it becomes clear that the range of the δ text is coterminous with the bounds of the Church. Moreover, as Sir Frederick Kenyon¹ points out, "it is also clear that its origin must be referred to a very early date. Both the Old-Latin and the Old-Syriac versions are very ancient and their common origin must go back to almost primitive times. In all the earliest Christian writers whose works have come down to us the δ text is predominant. . . ." It is also quite fair to assume that the earliest local witness to this text, often enough—and of course quite unconsciously—testifies to what has already enjoyed a currency in some particular locality for an indefinable period of time.

This, then, is what constitutes the claim of the δ text on our consideration. Whatever the future may disclose as to its value (and the swing of the pendulum is somewhat in its favour to-day), the argument it lends us towards the early dating and general integrity of the Gospels retains its validity. The argument, in fact, runs into the form of a syllogistic dilemma:

I. If we assumed that in a purified δ text lay the closest approximation to the autographs, we should still have to allow a broad expanse of years for certain deteriorating and co-ordinating processes to work themselves out; we should also have to allow for the development of the divergent but convincingly uniform β text, which actually finds its way into Alexandria, the exacting home of textual criticism.

II. If, on the other hand, we hold, with the majority of critics, that the β text more closely reproduces the primitive writings, the complicating factor of the δ text still is there to be reckoned with; for some time must have elapsed before such a type could have come into being at all, and we must allow a further interval for it to weave its way into the texture

¹ Kenyon, *Handbook to Textual Criticism of the N. T.*, p. 190 ff.

of documented Church history, in accordance with certain necessary processes.

The value of such an argument as this must be gauged by the margin of years which such processes in the evolution of a text would seem to postulate. This may become more intelligible in the light of a concrete example. For purposes of actuality we shall take the imaginary case of the Apostolic Churches in Crete and Malta under Titus and Publius. From its early days, then, the Church in Malta was anxious to possess copies of the existing Gospels. Gradually such copies came in from different sources, gifts perhaps of Luke or Trophimus, or some other grateful survivor from the shipwreck. Once these separate rolls had been obtained they were naturally kept together. At the same time copies of them were taken to satisfy private devotion, and still more to meet the needs of the scattered congregations. The same process would be going on in the less remotely situated diocese of Crete. However carefully such copies were made, slight errors would inevitably have crept in, but these errors would partake of a local character, and would tend to diminish once the complete collections of Matthew, John, Luke, and Mark ¹ had been formed, and frequent repetition had familiarized the ears of the faithful with the language of the sacred story. Of course, all this took many years to come about, and meantime the actual autographs of the Evangelists had disappeared or been forgotten. So we may picture to ourselves these second-century Churches in Crete and Malta, governed now by new bishops (second or third perhaps, in the line of succession, to Titus and Publius), each congregation being equipped with a complete collection of the Gospels. The different collections in Crete embody some slight textual variations, as also do those in Malta. Already it is hard to tell whether the rolls at Gortyna surpass those at Fair Havens, or whether the Melita text is a more accurate copy than that at Naxxar. Further, were we to collate the whole body of Cretan manuscripts with those at Melita we should discover a more definite line of demarcation, explicable, however, on the principle that local uniformity no longer rules once we are out of the region of its influence. In course of time the existence of such divergences would come to the notice of the responsible authorities, and the consequent creation of a wider corrective influence would lead to the formation of

¹ This order of enumerating the Evangelists is distinctive of the δ text.

an approximately uniform if uncritical text, gradually and more or less grudgingly accepted over a wide sweep of independent dioceses.

This excursus into the realms of *a priori* history has been undertaken to help the reader to visualize the operation of certain necessary processes on the Gospel text. We must now discuss these processes of "collection," "deterioration," "local predominance," and "general acceptance," individually, in some detail, and may then venture to sum up their value as evidence for the early dating and textual accuracy of the four Gospels.

I. The process of "collection" of the Gospel rolls for the use of local Churches is fairly primitive. Yet before attempting to assign even the vaguest of time-limits to its operation we must reckon with the preponderating influence of the oral tradition. Whether we look at things from the standpoint of the Apostles or from that of their disciples the unwritten tradition has an attractiveness peculiarly its own.¹ "Of this preference for the unwritten over the written tradition, Papias has become, through Eusebius, the classical interpreter (Euseb. *Hist. Ecc.* iii. 39); he had made it, he tells us, his special object to collect the sayings of the Elders, because he conceived he would get less benefit out of books than from the living and abiding voice." Clement of Alexandria² gives a very significant hint of this preference in the case of the Prince of the Apostles, for he tells us—on the authority of the ancient presbyters (τῶν ἀνέκαθεν πρεσβυτέρων)—that Peter's attitude towards Mark's Gospel was negative if not directly discouraging. True, he did not ban the work, but neither did he urge on its completion. From all this it is fair to assume that the process of "collection" only began to operate efficiently with the death of the Apostles and disciples of our Lord, the dearth of eye-witnesses, and the consequent decay of the living tradition.

II. Side by side with this process of "collection" we see the first signs of "deterioration." The uncritical multiplication of copies always means the infiltration of numerous, trivial errors which, in course of time, tend to perpetuate themselves and to propagate their kind. The force of these deteriorating influences adds a sinister significance to Mr. Turner's axiom,³ that, "the more conservative the position

¹ C. H. Turner, *ibid.* X. 23.

² Migne, *P.G.*, XX. 552.

³ C. H. Turner, *ibid.* X. 161.

we adopt as historical critics, the more radical we must be prepared to be as textual critics." Taken in its naked literalness this would imply that an early date for the composition of the Gospels lays them more open to the charge of gross corruption than a later one. Fortunately, as Mr. Turner points out elsewhere, other considerations come in to mitigate the drastic inevitableness of such a principle. We have already referred to the inclusion of the Gospels in the most primitive Christian liturgy. Justin Martyr¹ tells us how the reading aloud of a portion of the Scriptures "from the memoirs—which are called the Gospels—of the Apostles, or the writings of the Prophets" formed part of the liturgy that grew round the Sunday celebration of the Holy Sacrifice; and his testimony gives us positive proof that,² "in the first half of the second century, at the latest, and the practice may well have been in existence for a considerable time previously, the Gospels and the prophetical writings could be used interchangeably in connection with Christian worship." Abstracting altogether from the supreme interest of their subject-matter, the mere juxtaposition of the Gospels with the Old Testament would invest them with a unique importance, and determine scribes to some effect in the direction of reverence and accuracy. In this context it is instructive to note the wording of the well-known passage in St. Peter's second Epistle (II Pet. iii. 18), where the writings of "our beloved brother Paul" are compared to "the rest of the Scriptures."³ These reasons will serve to show that even in its earliest diffusion the text was to some extent safeguarded, and that great caution is needed in assessing the effects of the process of deterioration.

III. The third process of "local predominance" is in its nature distinct from those of collection and deterioration, and marks a further stage in the evolution of the text. The perception of differences stirs authorities to take action, leads to a gradual readjustment, and eventually culminates in the formation of a locally uniform type of text. It is not unreasonable to infer that this process was, in the main, inoperative before the beginning of the second century. Its influence could hardly have been appreciable until the auto-

¹ Justin, *Apol.* I. 66, 67.

² Milligan, *N. T. Documents*, p. 213.

³ As the words *γραφή*, *γραφαί*, *γέγραπται* have hitherto been strictly reserved to the Old Testament, this is perhaps the earliest evidence to the exalted place taken by the New Testament writings in Apostolic or sub-Apostolic times.

graphs of the Evangelists had disappeared or been lost and forgotten in the multitude of their fellows. Time again must be allowed for the organization of different dioceses dominated by the acquired prestige of some great City Church; as also for a developed form of religious intercourse which would make the existence of discrepancies in the texts of the minor Churches a matter of common knowledge. One is further tempted to suppose that, even so, the impropriety of such textual divergences would not be fully realized, until heresies had begun to spring up and by their mushroom growth had made the authorities conscious of the danger of stray Gospel words or phrases, which could be distorted to bolster up the wrong-headedness of the Gnostic or the Ebionite. At some such time, then, under some locally-co-ordinating influence, a uniform, if rather deteriorated text, gradually wins its way over a wide sweep of independent dioceses within easy means of communication with one another. Of City Churches which may well have exercised such a unifying influence in the second century, Antioch, Rome, Ephesus, and Alexandria are notable examples. To this cause we would refer the local uniformities that distinguished (and in some degree may still be said to distinguish) the texts in Greece and Asia Minor from those of Italy and Gaul, or North Africa, or Syria, or Egypt. Each type embodied distinct variations and independent local traditions.

IV. A fourth and final process claims our consideration before we may wade across the Rubicon of the mid-second century. Allowing for a lapse of years after the working-out of the process of "local predominance" we still have to reckon with its development from a local or provincial to an almost universal influence, and so to explain, as far as may be, the widespread diffusion of the δ text. The tendency of this so-called process of "general acceptance" is to absorb, or extinguish, or at any rate smooth down, what we may style these continental peculiarities, and so impose a type, with the familiar δ text characteristics upon the Churches of Europe, Asia, and Africa at the very dawn of documented Church history, about 150 A.D. We have only space to dwell on two questions in connection with the evolution of this final process of "general acceptance." Where is the origin and source of this co-ordinating activity—if indeed such activity can be ascribed to a single source—to be found? A learned diversity marks off the opinions of experts. Sir Frederick

Kenyon, who limits his consideration to the Old Latin versions (which, as already stated, are a stronghold of the δ text), strongly supports the theory of an African origin for the Latin Bible, and the view of this distinguished scholar gains in interest from the striking confirmation it affords of the position taken up by Cardinal Wiseman¹ as long ago as 1833. Dr. Sanday, however, suggests Antioch as the source from which both the Old Latin and Old Syriac versions took their rise. Quite recently Dr. Souter, in his compact and scholarly study of the Text and Canon of the New Testament, has championed the claims of Rome.² "The universal diffusion of the 'Western' (or δ) text, can," he thinks, "be best explained by the view that it circulated from Rome, the capital and the centre of all things." In the face of such diversities of opinion we must be content to let this question rest unsolved. The further question more directly affecting our argument is concerned with the length of time required for the full working out of the process of "general acceptance." In other words, how long did it take for the δ text to win its way to the universal favour it enjoyed by the middle of the second century? Obviously, it is impossible to estimate this period in the evolution of the text by any hard and fast measure of months and years; and scarcely any data are afforded for even vague speculation. In default, however, of direct evidence, we would suggest the consideration of some analogies offered to us in the history of the diffusion of the Vulgate and some other Bible versions.

So far as the New Testament is concerned, the Vulgate is little more than a revision of the Old Latin. One result of this conservative treatment was that the new version at once began to find favour in the Church. It was, moreover, backed up by the authority of Pope Damasus, who had probably made it the official text of the Church of Rome. Yet in spite of its intrinsic merits, and what one might call its papal "imprimatur," its tardy headway is proved by the persistence of the Old Latin versions, preserved for us in numerous fifth and sixth century codices.³ In fact almost all the Old Latin

¹ Wiseman, *Two Letters on I John V.*, 7 etc. Rome, 1833.

² Souter, *The Text and Canon of the N.T.*, p. 124.

³ An amusing instance of the prejudices against which Jerome's version had to contend is recounted by Sixtus V in his constitution 'Aeternus Ille.' He tells us how in the well known passage of Jonah, Jerome introduced an 'ivy-tree' (*hedera*) where the old versions read 'cucumber' (*cucumis*). On an African Bishop's venturing to adopt this reading in the pulpit, such a tumult

manuscripts—with the probable exception of "a" (Codex Vercellensis)—were written subsequently to the publication of Jerome's work in 383 A.D. Hence a full century, at least, must have elapsed before this version came into universal use.

If the Vulgate presents an extreme case for the duration of the process of general acceptance, the Peshitta provides an argument for the opposite extreme. Assuming the correctness of the view that the revision ordered by Rabbula (Bishop of Edessa from 411—435 A.D.) was completed by about 420 A.D., and really was the Peshitta, we can fix the further term of the process of its acceptance by the Nestorian and Monophysite secessions. For on the one hand we know that the Peshitta was the version common to both the heretical Syrian Churches in the latter half of the fifth century, while on the other hand it is inconceivable that they should have borrowed such a version from one another, once the definitions of the Councils of Ephesus (431 A.D.) and of Chalcedon (451 A.D.) had divided the Syrian Church. In the Peshitta, then, we have the example of a version winning "general acceptance" in a restricted Syriac-speaking area, within a decade of years. It would probably be a mistake to attach too much weight to either of these extreme cases as affording possible parallels to the diffusion of the δ text. It almost seems as if the analogies that may be drawn from the history of the Authorised and Revised Versions in England offer a less improbable measure of years. The former of these versions, though dedicated to "the most high and mightie Prince, James . . .", was regarded with suspicion by the various lovers of the Bishops' Bible, the Great Bible, and the Geneva Version; and there is evidence to show that it took fully thirty years to dispossess these earlier Bibles of the favour of Protestant England. The story of the Revised Version is so fresh in the minds of many, that it is enough to recall the storm of controversy to which its publication (1881—1884) gave rise. Gradually, however, the hue and cry of the critics died away and was replaced by a calmer and juster appreciation;¹ but even now, fully thirty years after the event, it cannot yet

ensued 'propter unius verbi dissonantiam,' that he was forced to condemn the word his own lips had uttered. To the cynically-minded, the moral of this tale is pointed by the recollection that Jonah's siesta was not taken in the shadow of an ivy or a cucumber, but of a 'ricinus'-tree, better known to us in its homely name of castor-oil plant.

¹ Dean H. Henson discusses its prospects in the *Encycl. Brit.*, Vol. iii. 904b, s.v. English Bible.

be said that the Revised has finally supplanted the Authorised Version in the public services or private devotions of the members of the Established Church.

Gathering up, then, the rather tangled threads of this argument, we may briefly sum up our conclusions as follows:

I. Due account being taken of the power of oral tradition in the Early Church, the processes of "collection" and "deterioration" cannot be said to have come into active operation before the last decade of the first century. They therefore affect in greater or less degree the newly-published fourth Gospel as well as the previous writings of the Synoptists.

II. An indefinable but not inappreciable period must elapse before organization can have developed to the extent of allowing an influential City Church to dominate neighbouring provinces and gradually impose upon their congregations a uniform type of text.

III. The process of "general acceptance" cannot have begun to make itself clearly felt before the early decades of the second century. Further, the analogies offered in the gradual diffusion of different versions at different times, are of value only in so far as they show, how slowly, even within limited and highly-organized areas, a new text works its way into popular favour.¹

IV. The argument for these dates holds good whether, with Westcott and Hort, we pin our faith to the β text, or, while admitting some of its claims, we prefer to look to the δ text for a final solution. In either alternative, equally cogent reasons lead us to postulate the early dating and substantially integral transmission of the Four Gospels.

It is readily admitted that grave difficulties stand in the way of one who would try to chart out the duration of these processes in the more exact terms of the calendar. Admittedly, too, the conclusions here arrived at, are open to serious objection on various grounds. How, for instance, can one be at all sure that the processes of "collection" and "deterioration" preceded the direct introduction of the δ text? How, again, venture to impose even vague time-limits on influences which may have operated successively or simultaneously in different places, or possibly not operated at all? Finally, is not the imposition of an interval of years between the

¹ This consideration will, we hope, be a source of encouragement to the editors and collaborators of the "Westminster Version."

exhaustion of one process and the germination of another arbitrary and worthless? These are real objections, and they can only be countered indirectly if at all. We would only say that we do not apply what has been set down to any definite city or region, as though our conclusions had the warranty of chapter and verse. It is something to know that there were places in the Church in which these different influences worked themselves out, somehow, on the lines here traced out. The four processes have been severally treated of in this essay, because they are in effect distinct, not because it is intrinsically necessary that they should have operated successively, universally and completely. In any case we have, all along, been acutely conscious of the difficulty of estimating our conclusions by any hard and fast measure of months and years.

Yet even when full allowance has been made for all these drawbacks, the argument still seems to possess a value of its own. So much so, that, to the writer at all events, the greatest difficulty is to find enough time between the first awakenings of the written tradition and the middle decades of the second century for these processes to work themselves out. In view of the length of time they demand, it becomes necessary to put back the composition of St. John's Gospel to an earlier date than many would allow: 90 A.D. is as late a date as one would care to set down, while 100 A.D. seems almost impossible—of course a still earlier date is postulated for the compositions of the Synoptists. From this standpoint, too, such Gospel chronologies as are offered by Renan, Holtzmann, Jülicher, Schmiedel, Loisy, von Soden, and a host of less well-known theorists, appear frankly ridiculous.

In fine, we may add that all the authoritative conclusions of textual criticism tend to confirm the substantial accuracy of Gospel transmission. Such conclusions are of course independent of any value attaching to our argument, yet it is easy to see that they are illustrated and fortified by it. For the uniformity of the δ text (such as it is) could not have been produced by the influence of Antioch or by the admitted authority of the See of Rome, had not the existing textual divergences throughout the Christian world been obviously trivial, accidental, and easy of explanation. It is certainly a strain on our credulity to be asked to believe that so many scattered Churches, with their sturdily independent, local traditions and treasured collections of the sacred text, ever consented to

delete important elements or admit substantial alterations into their complete rolls of the Gospels at so early a date as that with which we are concerned. The δ text found favour with all, because it practically left well alone.

The whole of this argument might be pressed further, in its chronological aspect. It is certainly susceptible of far more complete and careful treatment than has been offered here. Such a treatment, too, might, in its turn, shed a fuller light on these tentative inferences, and serve as a stepping-stone to further conclusions.

L. E. BELLANTI.

THE PEACE OF WOODS

GIVE me the peace of woods where wild birds nest
 High up in the green goodness of the trees,
 Give me the scent of bracken on the breeze,
 A blackbird's piping—I shall find some rest—

And list'ning to the chant of some small stream,
 And fluttering of wings within the grass,
 Then comfort born of these soft sounds will pass
 Into my soul—and maybe I shall dream

And so forget the world—Till shadows fall—
 When nightingales shall sing the day to sleep,
 And squirrels cease the while to climb and leap,
 And suddenly shall come the owl's sad call. . . .

Give me the peace of woods where shy birds nest,
 In the green goodness I shall find some rest—

BERYL CARTER.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH

XII. LOVE IN A MIST.

WHEN, on Saturday night, November the seventh, we were shelled out of our quarters in the hamlet outside E. we did not retreat far, but went back, I suppose a kilomètre, along the road by which we had come in the morning—the high road from the French frontier, and B.

It was a very flat road, very Flemish, with spongy flat meadows on either side of it, and here and there a small farm. Even by daylight there would have been no view, and we marched along under a dusky glimmer that could hardly be called moonlight, though the moon was not quite in her last quarter. On that day Mercury had made a transit across the sun's disc, but his little trip had not been noted by us, who were more concerned with the behaviour of Mars, and left Mercury to his devotee the Crown Prince.

Our new quarters were less cramped than those out of which we had been forced to flee: there was, at all events, more room for the men.

A little back from the high road, which was here a raised causeway between swampish fields, lay a farm, with thatched ramshackle barns, and a small ramshackle dwelling-house. The farmer, like the man in the Gospel, seemed disposed to argue that the door was shut (which it certainly was) and his children with him in bed, and that he would prefer not to be troubled. We, however, took up the line of Mrs. Malaprop, that he had nothing to do with preference and aversion: and ultimately he shambled out, with a weak smile and a pale lanthorn. While waiting for him we had had ample time to admire the great feature of his residence—its dung-heaps, or midden. The midden is, so to speak, the park of your Flemish homestead. On it every window depends for its view; there the children play, and there the cattle chew their cud of sweet—or bitter—fancy: there the farmer relaxes himself in hours of leisure, turning it over with pensive appreciation to awake fresh odours: beside it sits his wife, her labour done, and surveys its oozy mounds, which are all the hills she knows.

This one was particularly extensive—and treacherous. Without, probably, any means of subsequently washing oneself or one's garments, it was startling to find how deeply the unwary visitor sank in it.

"Is that your 'ead sticking out?" I heard one of our humourists (a Londoner) call out to a too adventurous comrade. "Put yer tongue out and I'll 'aul yer up."

Well, our host appeared, smiling and sleepy, and he made our two hundred and eighty men honorary members of his barns.

In they trooped, laughing, pushing, crowding, and exchanging pleasantries.

"It's a bit of a shame disturbin' the rat battalion—up to strength, and no error—they was billeted 'ere first," observed our London wit. "'Ere, Ponto; 'ere, Fido," he called out, slapping his thigh and making whistling noises, as though opening an acquaintance with strange dogs.

A dry barn, full of dry hay or straw, makes a pleasant bedroom: I hope those barns were dry, but they looked sodden and oozy, as though meant for overflow meetings—from the midden.

The fourteen officers had more aristocratic quarters, a small kitchen that smelt of cows and mice, and a smaller parlour that smelt of cheese and second-hand clothes. It was so dark that we optimistically resolved to assume that the mud floors were clean.

"They're as clean as you are anyhow, Chutney," I heard our New Zealander boast to our youngest officer. "I saw you trip on the midden."

"I believe the floor's *made* of midden," retorted Chutney with some acumen; "patted midden, squeezed down, and aired."

Whatever it was made of it was our bedstead. Our bedding was our own, and had perhaps its own secrets. Don't despise us if we were dirty; how clean would *you* be if you never had a bath?

By the time our blankets had all been laid down, as near to each other as might be, there was no floor left. Mine was laid against the door of a cupboard, out of which little mousey noises came once or twice during the night: in the morning they became more articulate.

"Opé, opé," squeaked two very small voices, and four little hands slapped on the panels insistently.

"Opé, opé."

"That's Flemish," explained Chutney, who was becoming a linguist. "I bet it means 'open.'"

It did, and, when I had taken up my bed in order to open, out came a couple of wee figures, as small a boy as ever I saw, in the smallest (but not the cleanest) shirt I had ever seen, with a pair of breeches, some ten inches long, worn like a stole, and a sister (who was younger and would have been smaller had that been possible) attired in a sort of strait waistcoat and curl-papers.

Over the low mounds, consisting of officers, these two little persons made hastily across country to the kitchen door. No doubt they were shy, but, I think, they thought it rather funny too.

The Ancient did not think it worth while to go to bed again, as he was due to say Mass betimes in the parish church at E. The causeway between the house and the midden was his dressing-room, an inverted milking-pail his dressing-table; the same pail, not inverted, his washing-stand. The water in it looked dismally like that which lay in puddles in the midden, and it had both body and bouquet.

There was a thick wet fog, and even the barns beyond the midden were out of sight; the men's voices came oddly out of nowhere, like jokes out of eternity.

In such a fog, had there been any way to find, it would not have been difficult to lose it. But one only had to turn to the left on reaching the road and keep on. Apart from the fog there would have been but little light yet: people meeting on that road could have no idea what each other might be like till within a foot or two of each other. Only once, while still quite out in the country, did the Ancient meet anybody: then it was a party of soldiers—would they prove to be Germans? It seemed likely enough that during the night the village might have been taken by the Germans.

"What should you do, Ancient," his brother-officers sometimes asked him, "if in your wanderings you should wander into a German out-post?"

"I shouldn't have to do anything. *They* would probably do anything that might be required."

It may here be remarked that some of those officers, who have now read these papers, protest that they never did call him "Ancient"—which is quite true. And some ladies, play-fellows of his in old Gracechurch days and, so to speak, coeval

with him, object that it is a very silly title. Very likely, but it was adopted to avoid the use of another which seemed too grand for these papers, and to escape from the too frequent recurrence of the first personal pronoun.

The soldiers did not prove to be Germans but French, their blue uniform looking almost black in the fog; they were cold, and silent, a sort of early-morning moroseness clinging about them like the dank mist.

The French still held the village, though most of the troops that had filled it yesterday were gone. So far as one could see in the fog, no harm had been done yet. The only lives lost during the night had been those of fifteen horses, in a field behind the church, killed by the bursting of a "Black Maria." Even now the place is held by us, though it is no longer a village—as has been said: houses, church, convent, all obliterated, only the château, out in its park, still standing.

When the Ancient got back to the Flemish farm after Mass he found the men lined up in the road ready to march, which they did in a few minutes. The fog had now grown thinner, which gave it the effect of having drawn back, so that the near fields were visible but those beyond still conjectural, hidden in what was now a white mist.

That was for some hours a day of marching and counter-marching. We went always along flat roads between flat fields, passing through several hamlets and shabby villages: everywhere there were French troops, nowhere did we fall in with any English. As the day strengthened the sun came out and the last rags of mist were torn from even the distant trees. The trees were seldom of much account and always grew along the hedges of the square monotonous fields: wherever there were any their slight cover was sedulously used by the bivouacking French soldiers.

As we went through one hamlet it seemed as if the soldiers watched us pushing on for the open country beyond with an air half amused half puzzled. However, we kept on our way for another twenty minutes, then a halt was called, and the whole unit had to turn and go back. We were quite close to the line of German trenches. We all seemed amused and the men chaffed.

"Pity we didn't carry on a bit, we might have had German sausages for dinner," I heard them declaring.

About one o'clock we had a more British dinner in a flat, sticky, ploughed field. Afterwards two officers asked me

if I would go on with them in search of billets, and off we went. After some wandering through lanes we got back to the high road between E. and R., reaching it at a point where there was a small wayside-shrine. Hard by, four wooden crosses, with the names painted on them, marked the last resting-place of four British soldiers whose life's march had ended there: they had been killed, I think, on the 24th of October.

Opposite was the entrance-road of a biggish farm, but some men in a waggon told us it was already occupied by troops of another division. We had the same luck, or ill-luck, at half a dozen other places we tried. Finally we reached a hamlet called O., at cross-roads, and tried another house that looked hopelessly too small: but that also was pre-engaged. Then we went on a few hundred yards and came to a very poor *estaminet* on the road side, a brick cottage with slated roof, one story high, but long. There the Ancient was left, in case the unit might come by, and the other two officers went to try two little farms visible across the fields.

It was rather dull work waiting, and he had to wait a long while. Now and then a Flemish yokel would saunter dis-jointedly up, peer away across the flat and ugly country, and sigh himself into the *estaminet*. The afternoon grew chilly, and as the sun set there were strange clouds high up in the faint, topaz-tinted, sky, clouds like red palm-branches crossed trophy-wise. The lonely Ancient watching them prayed they might be omens of victory and peace. Well, there is always peace and victory up where they were, in the aloof heavens; palms stand for martyrdom too, and it was a martyr-country, that Belgium on whose outraged soil he stood.

"It is a nipping and an eager air," thought the Ancient. There was no wind, but now and then a chill breathing, as out of a cold mouth. The red palms faded, and the sky changed her topaz robe for shabbier night-gear. Quoting Hamlet made the Ancient's ever vagrant fancy turn to another Mad Prince. Was he also, perhaps, looking up at the sad heavens? Had they any reproach for him, any menace? Could he ever bear to be alone in such a silence as might make audible the voices of indignant shades? He who had cried "Havoc!" and let loose the dogs of war, had he any horror of himself? Up and down, to keep himself warm, the Ancient paced the muddy road outside that shabby wine-

shop. The folk inside could not be very merry in their cups: there came no sound of laughter, hardly any of voices.

Presently a girl came to the door; would Monsieur come in and have a cup of coffee?

"Ah, you talk French!"

"Yes, Monsieur; I am not Fleming, I am Walloon. *Refugiée*. We are almost all *refugiées* in there."

She was not, of course, the mistress of the place. Neither Master or mistress spoke French, though France was so near.

Inside it was almost completely dark. There were perhaps twenty people there. A dozen refugees, whose homes had ceased to exist; and the rest, the host, and hostess, and their few and sombre customers. There was hardly any talking. They had the war in their hearts, and gossip was strangled by it. I do not think that, after all, anyone was drinking. An old woman sat near the dull stove, a little child at her knees, whose small fat palms she kept softly slapping with her own boney and lean old hands.

"My grandmother and my brother," explained the girl who had called the Ancient in, seeing his eyes turned towards them.

He went up and spoke to the old homeless creature.

"Yes, Monsieur," she answered, "all our folk are on the Cross. Let the Crucified turn to them."

"And we to Him. Of *Him* there is no doubt."

We did not talk long or much. Shall a stranger intermeddle with our grief?

There was a fine air of reverence towards her age and anguish among all the rest. The girl told the Ancient very simply that it must be much worse for the very old.

"My grandmother never went out," she said, "she sat at home. She never made journeys in her life. And how can *she* hope to see the end of the war? If *we* go back some day, how can she hope to be with us? For us young ones it is different. Even the war can't last always."

"May God send you happy days, my poor child."

"We must take such days as He sends. I am *fiancée*. But *he* is killed—was killed in the very beginning, at Namur."

When the Ancient came out into the dusk again, to continue his marching up and down, there was plenty to think of. Oh God, how long! Eh, how many more must there be now, fresh-slain, to cry from under the altar before the white throne—"How long, O Lord, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood?"

And in the soft sad sighing of the night-breath came the answer: "Rest a little season, till your fellow-servants also, and your brothers, that shall be killed as you, till their number be fulfilled."

Surely these are they who come out of great tribulation, and even them also prayer can follow with its wistful arms of reverent pity.

The thought of the ruined homes so sharply brought there home to him, in that meagre and poor place, must needs send the Ancient's heart yearning to his own. How could he help thinking of it, and of the face he loved best looking out of a window to see him go—on that drizzling August afternoon that seemed so endlessly long ago? How terrible had been the patience of that noble face, how awful the obedience of its smile, that had to come because the great heart, so near breaking, insisted.

Only a few days before that parting had he knelt at her knees, as over half a century before he had knelt there to hear for the first time of the Anguish and Murder of God.

"I have to tell you something that you will not like."

"You are going to the war. We must each do our part." His to go; hers to suffer. And her old, old white hand was laid upon his old white head.

That the war should strike *men*; well, so long as wars must be: but that it should strike women, and so much more cruelly! For it is crueller to sit at home, wondering, wondering, fearing, hungry in ignorance for news that may be so awful when they come, that is much more cruel than to go, out among strange scenes and people, with insistent duties to fill the hours; eh! what will be the women's testimony against the man who, in the restless chambers of his irresponsible mind, forged the war on the ruthless anvil of his heartless heart?

It was very long before the other two officers came back. They had at last found two farms close together, both miserable enough, but the barns of both together would just hold our men, and in one were a couple of small rooms that *must* hold us. We went there, and there for about five years (a fortnight nominally) we stayed almost idle, for it was our turn to stand back—and feel as though we were forgotten, stranded in some oozy back-water of the war.

The woman of the farm where we officers had our wretched quarters had the noisiest, most piercing voice ever heard out of a nightmare. She was youngish and strong, and all her

strength had its citadel in her big, loose-lipped mouth. She also possessed the gift of ubiquity. Her screaming voice was everywhere at once. To her husband, I think, it was a singular holiday that her scoldings should be divided among so many strangers instead of falling, like stinging thongs of raw hide, on his helpless slouching back. She was, most likely, a worthy creature and resolved to be a good wife; to yell her husband into prosperity, and scream her little girls into affluence and ultimate good marriages. The only thing she had no time for was to be ever in the least pleasant; in war-time luxuries are out of place, and that luxury was the first she discarded. In times of peace, charity bade one surmise, she might be an engaging person. It is impossible to convey the slushy dirtiness of that place. The grand approach (and only one) was *through* the midden. Our two tiny rooms opened on it, and every time anyone of us came in—there were fourteen of us without counting our servants—we brought some of it in with us. And the fields beyond were quagmires of sticky mud, for the snow came now, and rotted them. At night there were hard frosts, but the sun came in the day and melted snow and frost, and rotted the deep soft Flemish earth. It was bitterly cold, and we were fireless, and the only chance of air and ventilation lay in keeping the windows wide open so that the snow came driving in, and the ruthless north-east wind. The room we all sat in was twelve feet by ten, and fourteen people (with their belongings) do crowd a room of that size. Once we were all in, it was terribly inconvenient for the others when anyone wanted to go out. Before the beds could be laid out on the filthy floor the table had to be taken to bits and got rid of.

The Ancient confesses, meekly, that the appalling cold was more terrible to him than the dirt: his feet were always what is called dead, and they were never dry. Every night he went out in the dark to wash them in snow, sitting, as needs must, in the snow to do it. It might keep them clean, but it certainly did not make them warm.

The German lines were pretty near, and the noise of the great guns never ceased but was always most at nights. Of course our farm was far within range had the enemy chosen, as any moment they might choose, to pick it out. Sometimes one could tell by the noise that a Black Maria had burst in one of the fields close to us.

Midden Hall, as we called it, was certainly an unpleasant

mansion: its barns small, rotten, and filthy, and itself unspeakable. But it must not be supposed that it had no pleasures.

There were our own men to look after, and there was time enough to go farther afield. All round us were French troops, and the hamlet at O. (our own hamlet) was crowded with them, so was the big village of R. a mile or so away. There were Belgian troops too, but these were resting, *i.e.*, mending the road between us and R. Hardly any of them spoke French; I suppose they belonged to Flemish battalions. Utterly devoid of Flemish the Ancient was determined to open relations with them all the same: and it was done by means of medals, scapulars, and little Crucifixes, on an afternoon of driving snow, biting wind, and deep, deep mud. What had been the road was a mud-river, from eighteen inches to two feet deep. On the following afternoon the Ancient went again to R., accompanied this time by the "Surgeon in Khaki," our New Zealander, and another young officer whom one may call Stern, not because he was, but because his real name was rather like it.

As soon as we appeared on the stretch of road where the Belgian soldiers were working they crowded up, those not yet medalled extremely eager to be supplied. If they could not talk English or French they could smile, and perhaps a conversation consisting of smiles goes as far towards friendship as a wordier one and scowls therewith.

Unfortunately they had decided that the Ancient was a bishop: and that much Flemish even we could understand. The Ancient's frowns of disclaimer apparently only convinced them that he was a bishop of irascible temper.

"You'd better let it alone," declared the New Zealander, "or they'll think you're something worse. Till you can talk Dutch you're a bishop, and they like it."

Whether the advice was conscientious or the reverse, one had to take it: that it was not conscientious seemed the more probable from the fact that the New Zealander proceeded to encourage the possibly drooping spirits of these warriors by a graphic description (in dumb show) of a decisive victory gained by our side, of which no official notification had been seen by Stern or me.

"It all does good," our New Zealander explained as we walked on. "I'm all for medals. They're a grand thing for the Entente."

At R.I had already some old friends (of twenty-four hours' standing), who signalled the arrival of the "English Colonel-Priest." At first we went into the church, which was large, and pseudo-Gothic, *i.e.*, Gothic with strong Renaissance leanings in matters of detail. It was now a bivouac, and stands of arms stood here and there in the clean straw with which the pavement was strewn, and groups of soldiers lay asleep under the monuments of those who had fallen asleep long ago. Other groups chatted, or walked about. After a word or two with some of these (they were all French) they hinted that yesterday their comrades had been given medals and scapulars. So with his back against a confessional the Ancient, with the New Zealander and Stern for deacon and subdeacon, began his distribution. It lasted over half an hour, and many hundreds of the poor lads were made happy. At that time French chaplains were not, by regulation, allowed to give medals or pious objects to their men, though the prohibition was, I fancy, never much insisted on after the war began, and soon fell into oblivion.

What they all wanted most was 'un petit Christ,' but the Ancient had not Crucifixes enough for so many men. Most had to content themselves with medals and scapulars: I must say all were grateful for what they did get. But there were three whole battalions in the village, and they crowded into the church so hopelessly that we had to come out into the street and finish our distribution there. The scene in the church would have made a fine painting had some old Flemish artist come out of his tomb to fix it on his canvas. The westering wintry sun poured in through the high plain-glass windows, lighting up arches and pillars; the choir and altars were in an aloof shadow: and so was all one wall: in a colder twilight was the straw-strewn floor, broken by stacked arms and huddled groups of sleeping soldiers: round the confessional was the crowd of eager, but respectful men of war, torn so lately from quiet farms, or gentle arts of peace, pressing forward to receive each his sacred emblem of the great Prince of Peace, the Counsellor, the Wonderful, or of his sweet Maid-Mother.

"I must say I do like it," quoth our New Zealander, when, all our treasures spent, we turned home. "I hope Ancient [sic] you'll always let me come with you when you're going to do it."

"Ah, but I don't generally know. It crops up. I knew to-day, but as a rule I don't know beforehand."

Chutney was jealous when he heard.

"You never asked *me* to come, Ancient," he complained.

[*He* certainly never said Ancient, though he had most right, being youngest of us all, a mere boy, full of a boy's quips and laughter. And he never, never will grow old. The Young Man from Nazareth has looked on him, and loved him, and taken him where there is no age, nor wrinkle, nor any such thing.]

"*You*, Chutney! You know very well you were gun-running for Carson in the Black North till the war came. Would giving popish gear to papists be in that line?"

"Ah, dear Ancient! I'm learning things. Don't."

And the Ancient, who greatly loved the lad, was ashamed.

JOHN AYSCOUGH.

THE WOOING

NIGHT shuttered all day's windows, but toward the fading west

Where the smouldering crimson fire
Of the sunset's burnt out pyre

Slowly crumbles, as the glory turns to ash on heaven's breast. . .

Sleep's portal standing open draws my ever lingering feet

O'er her drowsy threshold dim,

While the last belated hymn

Of a songster in the garden, voices invitation meet.

I woo her as a lover, be I peasant, be I king,

Sue from her capricious hand. . .

Hers to give or to command. . .

Narcotics for forgetting in her arms all other thing.

I yield my very being to her wayward exigence—

Dusky curtains of her hair

Making twilight round me, where

Caressing fingers smooth away the pains of time and sense.

Yet I dare not woo too boldly, she is shy as woodland bird;

On her mood I learn to wait

Till she, sudden, dowers my fate,

And I enter in possession of oblivion deferred.

MOTHER ST. JEROME.

NOTES ON FAMILIAR PRAYERS

VIII. THE SALVE REGINA.

WITH the possible exception of the *Te Deum*, there is no devotional formula in common use which would require more space for its adequate discussion than that well-known anthem of our Lady, the *Salve Regina*. The admirable monograph recently published on the subject by the learned Benedictine, Jean de Valois,¹ would occupy nearly two hundred pages of this magazine, and there are several aspects of the subject with which he makes no attempt to deal. Clearly we must be much more concise here, and it may perhaps conduce to brevity if I set down at the outset the principal headings upon which I propose to touch. An exhaustive treatment is out of the question, but the purpose I have had in view in these "Notes" will be sufficiently attained if some definite information can be given regarding i) the text, ii) the date and authorship, iii) the early use, iv) liturgical and monastic employment, and v) the popular developments of this hymn. The plain-chant musical setting, of which very ancient texts survive, would constitute another feature of interest, but with that I am not competent to deal. The matter has been carefully studied by MM. Gastoué, P. Wagner, Jean de Valois, and others,² and their articles are illustrated by facsimiles and passages given in musical notation. Such aids, though appreciated by experts, would be out of place here.

1. The Text.

The *Salve Regina* holds a remarkable position among eleventh century hymns if only from the fact that with the exception of two insignificant interpolations the primitive form has never been departed from. In the first line the word "Mother" has been added. *Salve Regina misericordiæ* (Hail Queen of Mercy) is the beginning which stands in all the early manuscripts. Similarly the last clause originally ran *O clemens, o pia, o dulcis Maria* (O clement, o pious, o

¹ Jean de Valois, *En Marge d'une Antienne; le Salve Regina*, Paris, 1912. These articles had first appeared in the *Tribune de St. Gervais*.

² See especially de Valois on the early Cistercian use of the *Salve* in the *Tribune de Saint-Gervais*, 1907.

sweet Mary)—the word " Virgin " being an interpolation of later date. Arranging the text according to what some believe to be its true musical cadence,¹ the primitive anthem ran thus:

Salve, Regina misericordie,
 Vita dulcedo et spes nostra, salve.
 Ad te clamamus,
 Exules filii Hevæ.
 Ad te suspiramus,
 Gementes
 Et flentes
 In hac lacrimarum valle.

 Eia ergo advocata nostra,
 Illos tuos
 Misericordes oculos
 Ad nos converte.
 Et Jhesum benedictum
 Fructum ventris tui
 Nobis post hoc exilium
 Ostende.
 O clemens, o pia,
 O dulcis Maria.

It must be understood, however, that this arrangement is purely a matter of conjecture, appealing to the eye rather than to the ear. Parchment in the middle ages was far too valuable a commodity to be wasted, except in the rarest cases, upon such fantastic experiments in æsthetic spacing. Neither, so far as I can make out, is there anything in the rhythm of the plain-song melody to which it was originally set which specially favours this arbitrary division into clauses. It is interesting to note in passing that competent authority considers that the musical setting may very well be contemporaneous with the anthem itself, and that both words and music were not improbably the work of the same author.² What is more to our immediate purpose, the statement made by the distinguished hymnologist, Father G. M. Dreves, to the effect that the words *Mater* before *misericordie* in the first line and *Virgo* before *Maria* in the last were only added in the sixteenth century,³ seems to run counter to ascertained facts.

¹ See Godet in *Revue du Clergé français*, August 15, 1910.

² The music may be found in the new Vatican *Antiphonarium*, in Schubiger's *Sängerschule St. Gallens*, and in some other collections of Gregorian antiphons and sequences. Two typical variants of very early date are printed by de Valois, *En Marge*, pp. 73—74.

³ See Dreves, *Analecta Hymnica*, Vol. 50, p. 319.

The Rev. James Mearns, a most competent investigator, assures us that both changes may already be found in a Bodleian MS. written in England about 1340.¹ Still earlier the interpolation was apparently known to the Dominican author of the treatise *De Laudibus Mariæ*, which beyond doubt belongs to the thirteenth century.² This fact might be questioned if it stood alone, but both in the canonization process of Blessed Margaret of Hungary, daughter of King Bela, who died in 1276,³ and in the fourteenth century Life of Blessed Charles of Blois,⁴ we find the beginning of the anthem cited in the form *Salve Regina MATER misericordiæ*.⁵ Moreover, an English translation published by Littlehales from a Primer in the Cambridge University Library (Dd. II. 82), of about the year 1430, begins "Hail, quene, modir of merci" and ends "O thou deboner, o thou meke, o thou swete maide Marie." For anyone who realizes how familiar the title *Mater misericordiæ* had become in all the Marian literature of the twelfth century, and notably in the so-called Miracles of Our Lady, the difficulty would be rather to explain how the inevitable interpolation had been so long delayed. To Eadmer, St. Anselm's friend and biographer, who died in, or not long after, 1124,⁶ the phrase "Mother of Mercy" was already a household word.⁷

Before passing to the vexed question of the authorship of the *Salve Regina* it is interesting to note that the concluding invocations of the anthem provide a striking illustration of the unreliability of the inferences so often based on what are supposed to be local traditions. Quite a pretty story has been evolved out of certain memorials of St. Bernard's visit to Speyer in 1146. It is alleged that the Saint, sur-

¹ It is a *Hora* (Bodleian, *Liturg. Misc.* 104, f. 122). See Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology*, p. 991.

² It is printed among the works of Albertus Magnus, but the real author is believed to be Richard of St. Lawrence.

³ See Fraknoi, *Monumenta Romana Episc. Vesprimiensis*, I. p. 199.

⁴ See de Valois, *En Marge*, p. 56.

⁵ Canon Chevallier, in his *Repertorium Hymnologicum*, quotes a St. Omer's MS. of the thirteenth century to the same effect.

⁶ See THE MONTH, Aug. 1904, pp. 203-207.

⁷ Note, for example, chapter 32 and 36 of Eadmer's *Tractatus de Conceptione S. Mariæ*. Ed. Thurston and Slater, Herder, 1904, pp. 40 and 45. M. Perdrizet's attempt in his *Vierge de Miséricorde* to assign the growth of the "Mother of Mercy" idea to the thirteenth century, is very wild. Already in the tenth century, as Beissel (*Verehrung Marias*, i. 99 and 124) has shown, the phrase *Mater misericordia* was quite familiar, and in the eleventh we have hymns such as *Mater misericordia, stirpis puella regia*. (Dreves, *Anal. Hymn.* ix. 55).

rounded by a vast concourse of people, entered the cathedral in procession while the *Salve Regina* was being sung. When the anthem terminated with the words *nobis post hoc exilium ostende*, St. Bernard genuflected three times to salute the statue of our Lady, exclaiming *O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Maria*. In memory of the great preacher this triple ejaculation, it is alleged, was added locally to the text of the anthem and the practice eventually spread throughout Christendom. Another detail was added at a still later date declaring that the statue bowed to the Saint in acknowledgment of his triple salutation and greeted him in return with the words *Salve Bernarde* (Hail to thee also Bernard). An extravagant chronicler of Speyer, Eisengrein, carries the story to the verge of profanity by declaring that Bernard thereupon rebuked the statue, remarking that women should be silent in church. In any case it seems to be a fact that arising out of this legend three circular mosaics, or bronze plaques, containing the words of the three ejaculations were at some time let into the pavement of the cathedral of Speyer, and that they were said to mark the three different spots on which St. Bernard genuflected. The whole question, however, as regards the primitive text of the *Salve* is settled by the fact that we possess manuscripts of earlier date than St. Bernard's visit to Speyer which contain the entire anthem, including the final invocations. One such manuscript (Addit. 18302), written in Swabia in the early years of the twelfth century, is in the British Museum.¹ So far as I am aware, no existing copy of the *Salve Regina* stops short at the words *nobis post hoc exilium ostende*,² and consequently there is not the slightest reason for supposing that the invocations which follow are an addition of later date.³

II. Date and Authorship.

The question of the authorship of the *Salve*, as contrasted with that of the text, presents many difficulties.⁴ Setting

¹ The *Salve Regina* is found on f. 130.

² As Dom de Valois has pointed out, some doubt might be felt regarding the MS. 736 (f. 80) in the Bibliothèque Mazarine, where there has been an erasure at this point.

³ The words "O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Maria," are quoted by Amadeus, Bishop of Lausanne, in a sermon apparently preached in 1145, see Migne, *P.L.* 188, 1346.

⁴ It should be noted that the four sermons on the *Salve Regina* (Migne, *P.L.* 184, 1059), attributed variously to St. Bernard of Clairvaux and to Bernard,

aside at once such impossible suggestions as that of Nicholas Porto, who assigns the antiphon to St. Athanasius, or that recorded by St. Antoninus of Florence in his *Summa Theologica*,¹ which attributes it to St. John Damascene, the claims of four different writers have been supported with some show of argument. The most prominent of these is Hermannus Contractus (Hermann the lame), a monk of Reichenau, who died in 1054 at the age of 42. With regard to his competence in this kind of composition, for which he generally provided the music as well as the words, no hesitation can be felt. There is little doubt that he is the author of the *Alma Redemptoris Mater* and other rhythmic pieces of the same class, and his powers in this and other matters evidently made a deep impression² upon his contemporaries. Of direct and early evidence connecting him with the *Salve Regina* there is practically nothing. The first witness who explicitly declares him to be the author is Trithemius at the end of the fifteenth century,³ though Durandus, the well-known liturgist, two hundred years earlier speaks in such a way as to suggest that some in his time attributed the antiphon to Hermann.

Somewhat earlier in date is the claimant whom Durandus prefers to Hermann Contractus, and whom he designates as Peter, Bishop of Compostella. This is Petrus Martinez de Monsoncio, who was appointed to the see of Compostella in 986 and died in 1000. Spanish opinion, probably not uninfluenced by patriotic sentiments, strongly supports this attribution,⁴ but apart from the casual mention of Durandus (or rather of James de Voragine, in the *Legenda Aurea*, whom he is here copying), there seems very little to justify it.⁵ The author of the *Rationale*, in a brief section which he devotes to proses and sequences, mentions the name of Notker, Abbot of St. Gall, to whom he assigns the first invention of this species

Archbishop of Toledo († 1124), as also the *Meditatio* on the same subject (Migne, P.L. 149, 583) ascribed to Anselm of Lucca, are all of doubtful authorship and uncertain date. They consequently cannot help us in our present inquiry.

¹ *Summa Theol.* P. IV. tit. 15, cap. 14, § 7.

² See Migne, P.L. vol. 143, pp. 9 seq., and cf. Brambach, *Die verloren geglaubte Historia de S. Afra und das Salve Regina des Hermann Contractus*, 1892, and especially Dreves, *Analect. Hymn.* vol. 59, pp. 308, 309.

³ So also about the same time James Philip of Bergamo.

⁴ See, for example, Antonio, *Bibl. Hisp. Vet.*, i, 516 seq.

⁵ The merit of calling attention to this invention of Peter de Compostella in the *Legenda Aurea* is due to Dom de Valois. It occurs in the chapter "De Sancto Pelagio Papa" (Graesse, p. 836).

of composition, and then turning to Hermann Contractus specifies some of his works, notably the *Alma Redemptoris* and the *Simon Bariona*, but, he adds, "the well-known *Salve Regina* was made by Peter, the bishop of Compostella." An elaborate plea in defence of the claims of Bishop Peter has been published in recent years,¹ but its weakness has been effectively demonstrated by Dom de Valois in the monograph already referred to.

The latest of the reputed authors of the *Salve* is the great St. Bernard of Clairvaux, but it would seem that the whole theory is based upon a misunderstanding of one of those legendary incidents which were gathered up by his biographers fifty years after his death. Jean l'Hermite, a Cistercian who flourished at the end of the twelfth century, but who cannot be regarded as remarkable for his accuracy or sobriety of judgment, tells the following story about the Saint:

Again during the harvest season the following prodigy happened. One night when the blessed man was taking his rest with the monks sleeping all around him, he heard in the church the voices of angels clearly and sweetly chanting the praises of God and His blessed Mother. On hearing this he got up unperceived and stole towards the church in order that he might obtain a nearer view of what was taking place. Thereupon he beheld the holy Mother of God with an angel on each side of her, one of whom seemed to be holding a golden thurible and the other incense. Under the guidance of one of these the holy man advancing as it were at the right side of the most glorious Virgin proceeded to the altar itself, and there he heard sung by angelic voices the antiphon *Salve Regina* right through down to the end (*ex integro usque ad finem*). This he is said to have learned by heart and to have written it down afterwards, and also to have sent it to the Lord Pope Eugenius in order that by the command of apostolic authority it might be held in solemn observance to the honour of the Blessed and Glorious Virgin Mary, Mother of God. All which was duly carried out, as many still bear witness.²

It must be sufficiently obvious that this story does not really represent St. Bernard as the author of the *Salve Regina*, neither does it even necessarily exclude the supposition that the Saint might have heard the words before. The point upon which stress is laid is that the whole chant, words and music

¹ E. O. Arce, *Memoria sobre el autor de la Salve*, 1908.

² Migne, P.L. Vol. 185, p. 544.

combined, made a deep impression upon him, and that he consequently sent it to the Pope to obtain his special approbation. Historically speaking we have evidence that in spite of the fact that the Cistercians from the beginning had steadily set their faces against the introduction of liturgical novelties, an exception was made for the *Salve Regina*, which Dom de Valois has found occurring four times over in the Antiphonary of the Cistercians earlier than the year 1200. But another variant of the same legend, later in date but from a less unreliable source, and also of Cistercian provenance, introduces us to a fourth claimant for the authorship of the antiphon we are studying.

In the year 1130 [writes Alberic of Three Fountains] when Blessed Bernard on a certain day had come to Dijon and had found hospitality at the Abbey of St. Benigne, to which he was always devoted because his mother was buried there, he heard, in front of the clock near the altar, the antiphon *Salve Regina*, &c., most sweetly and harmoniously sung by angels. At first he believed that it had been sung by the community, and he said to the abbot on the following day: "Most beautifully did you sing the antiphon of Puy (*antiphonam de Podio*) near the altar of the Blessed Virgin." It used to be called the antiphon of Puy because Naymerus, the Bishop of de Puy, had composed it. And it was discovered that at the hour at which that antiphon was heard, the community were still sleeping. After that, since he kept constantly recalling the same antiphon to memory, he also heard it sung according to the story commonly told (*ut vulgatum est*) beside the altar of the Blessed Virgin at Clairvaux. And hence he obtained permission from the general chapter of the Cistercians that this antiphon should be adopted by the whole order (*ab omni ordine*), as in fact came to pass.¹

Without passing any judgment as to the probability or otherwise of the miraculous incident thus recorded, it is sufficiently evident that the story was variously told among the members of the Order. What is especially noteworthy is the definite allegation, which is in no way part of the substance of the legend, that the *Salve* was at an early date known as the *antiphona de Podio*—the antiphon of Le Puy, and that it was so called because Adhemar, Bishop of Le Puy († 1098), had composed it. Nor is this quite the only piece of evidence which brings this hymn into connection with Le Puy.

¹ Alberic of Three Fountains, *Chronicle*, text given by de Valois, p. 23. The incident at Dijon took place as mentioned in 1130.

Amongst the *Cantigas* of King Alphonso X. of Castile, written in the middle of the thirteenth century, is a poem in which he tells a story of a deaf and dumb woman who, visiting one night the cathedral of that city, was accidentally locked in. A thunderstorm had come on which had frightened all the people away, but she hearing no noise had remained behind when the church was deserted by the others. In the night our Lady appeared over the altar attended by angels, and a canticle of wondrous beauty was sung which she miraculously heard and remembered. This was the *Salve Regina*, and after this, the first time that it was listened to by human ears, it spread rapidly throughout the world. There seems no probability that Alberic of Three Fountains could have borrowed from Alphonso X. or vice versa. They were contemporaries, but widely separated, and we may fairly assume that this connection of the *Salve* with Le Puy must have become known to them independently.

It must be plain enough that none of this evidence bearing on the authorship of the antiphon is in any way conclusive. If we accepted the data furnished by Dreves in his *Analecta Hymnica*¹ we should be led to suppose that the earliest manuscripts containing it were mostly of German origin, but the enumeration is probably very far from complete. On the other hand our sources seem to suggest that it was on French soil that the *Salve* first attained any great liturgical vogue and importance. It must at the same time not be forgotten that of all the suggested claimants Hermann Contractus alone possessed an admitted mastery in the composition of both the words and music of such loosely constructed hymns. Let us notice finally that nearly all attributions of authorship in the middle ages, more particularly in the case of music, are extraordinarily unreliable. The earliest of the liturgists who speaks positively as to the compositions of Hermann Contractus is John Beleth, undoubtedly a writer of the twelfth century. Beleth mentions two "sequences" as his, viz., *Rex omnipotens die hodierna* and *Sancti Spiritus adsit nobis gratia*. The printed text of Beleth is very unsatisfactory, but I have verified the accuracy of this passage in three early MSS. of Beleth in the British Museum. Now the first of the two hymns mentioned, as Dreves has pointed out, is found in a codex transcribed in 934 A.D., and therefore

¹ *Analecta Hymnica*, Vol. 50, p. 319. He has found the *Salve Regina* in four different MSS. of Seckan, or Gratz, all belonging to the twelfth century.

some eighty years before Hermann Contractus was born, and Dreves is equally positive that the *Sancti Spiritus adsit nobis gratia* does not belong to him either.¹ Whatever view we may take regarding the authorship it seems impossible to ascribe the antiphon to a later date than the close of the eleventh century.

III. The Early Use.

The first plain mention of the adoption of the *Salve Regina* for any liturgical purpose meets us upon French territory. In the Statutes of Peter the Venerable, Abbot of Cluny, which may be ascribed with some certainty to about the year 1135, the last decree runs as follows:

It has been enacted that the antiphon made concerning the holy Mother of God which begins *Salve Regina Misericordiae* should be sung by the community upon the feast of her Assumption during the procession and also during the processions which take place according to custom from the principal church of the Apostles towards the church of the same Virgin Mother, excepting only those festivals of the saints in which ancient usage prescribes that canticles should be sung commemorating those saints.²

This mention of the *Salve* as a processional chant may seem strange in view of our actual usage, but there can be no doubt that down to the close of the middle ages, and even afterwards, the antiphon was constantly employed in this way. The late story referred to above of St. Bernard's entrance into the cathedral of Speyer supposes some sort of a procession, and we find the *Salve* and its music commonly included in processionals, as is for example the case with the *Processionale Sarum*. It has been suggested that Adhemar of Le Puy, who was a great crusading prelate and who died in the East while accompanying the forces he had raised, intended the antiphon to be sung by the crusaders on the march, but I know of no scrap of evidence which lends any support to this conjecture. It is probably true that what were deemed "tuney" pieces of plain-chant, tuney, that is to say, in comparison with the rest, were selected for processional use. The same may be said of the compositions chosen to serve as antiphons for the *Benedictus* and the *Magnificat* on greater

¹ See Dreves, *Analecta Hymnica*, Vol. 9, pp. 5 and 83, and Vol. 50, p. 309.

² Migne, *P.L.*, Vol. 189, p. 1048. Dom de Valois has done well to lay special stress upon the importance of this reference.

festivals. We know that from an early date the *Salve* was employed by the Cistercians for this purpose, and this, no doubt, is why it is commonly described as an "antiphon." All the evidence we possess goes to show that the *Salve* from a musical point of view enjoyed an extraordinary popularity. The legends recounted by Jean l'Hermite, Alberic, and Alphonso X. are all tributes to the melody more than to the words, and several of the Mary stories in which the anthem figures produce the same impression. But the truly devout spirit of the hymn itself also counted for much. The combination of the two led to the *Salve* finding favour whenever deep feeling was aroused, and so we see it gradually establishing itself as a sort of climax of devotion when the day's work was ended, and when men asked our Lady's blessing on the sleep which was to give them strength to renew life's pilgrimage on the morrow.

IV. *Liturgical and Monastic Employment.*

I do not propose to deal with this heading at any great length. The subject might be pursued indefinitely and it would be hard to know where to stop. Although, as we have seen, the first statutory mention of the *Salve* occurs in a Cluniac source, it was undoubtedly the Cistercians who had the largest share in popularizing it, and that from a very early date. Whether the great Cistercian, St. Bernard, really wrote to Pope Eugenius or not to invoke pontifical authority in favour of the anthem, Dom de Valois' explicit statement that from the middle of the twelfth century it was used in the Order as an antiphon, either for the *Magnificat* or the *Benedictus*, on the four great feasts of our Lady cannot be lightly set aside. The daily recitation of the *Salve* among the Cistercians dates from 1218, and we find a secular priest in one of Cæsarius' stories expressing gratitude to the Order because it was from them that he had acquired the knowledge of this "triumphant antiphon" (*antiphonam illam gloriosam*).¹ Cæsarius was writing apparently about the year 1219, and in another of his stories,² he describes our Lady in an apparition as wearing a jewel on which were inscribed the words *O clemens, o pia, o dulcis Maria*. Pope Gregory IX., in 1239, is said to have enjoined the recitation of the *Salve* every Friday after Compline, but in spite of Franciscan support we cannot be sure

¹ Cæsarius, *Dialogus*, VII. 30.

² *Ib.*, VII. 21.

that the antiphon came into general use throughout the Church until very much later. An interesting decree which was passed by the Council of Peñafiel in Spain, in 1302, runs thus:

Since human frailty cannot live without sin . . . and since for those who have fallen the only recourse after our Lord Himself is to the holy and glorious Virgin to whom we are all bound to address ourselves as the Mother of Mercy with hymns and canticles of gladness, we have therefore thought well to ordain in her honour that every day after Compline the *Salve Regina* be sung aloud (*alta voce*) in every church with the versicle *Ora pro nobis*, the prayer *Concede nos famulos tuos*, also *Ecclesiæ tuæ*, and for His Holiness the Pope *Deus omnium fidelium*, and for our King *Quæsumus omnipotens Deus*.¹

According to certain "Rubricæ Novæ" of the fourteenth century which have been published by Mgr. G. Mercati, the four antiphons of our Lady now sung after Lauds and Compline, to wit, the *Alma*, the *Ave Regina*, the *Regina Cæli*, and the *Salve* were adopted for the first time for daily recitation in the Roman Office by Pope Clement VI. in 1350.² But they had been enjoined upon the Franciscans more than a century earlier, that is to say in 1249, as we learn from the *Chronica XXIV Generalium, O.M.*³ The use described is that which still obtains, although it was not made obligatory upon the Church as a whole until the publication of the Pian Breviary in 1568, in which also the form *Salve Regina MATER misericordiæ* was put out as authoritative.

As for the religious Orders there would be much to chronicle if we had space to follow up the inquiry. The Carthusian Dom Le Couteulx⁴ contends that the *Salve* is referred to, though not explicitly mentioned, in the earliest constitutions of the *Grande Chartreuse*, those drawn up in the first half of the twelfth century by Prior Guigo. This, it must be confessed, seems doubtful, the more so that the antiphon is alleged to have formed part of a *daily* commemoration of our Lady at Vespers. He asserts, however, that the *Salve* was to be found in Carthusian breviaries as early as the thirteenth century. In the same passage Dom Le

¹ Hardouin, *Concilia*, VII. 1156.

² Mercati in *Rassegna Gregoriana*, 1903; Batiffol, *Histoire du Bréviaire*, 3rd Ed. p. 260.

³ Batiffol *l.c.* p. 244 and 261.

⁴ *Annales Ordinis Carthusiensis*, IV. 73—75.

Couteulx states that the Dominicans were late in adopting the *Salve* for liturgical purposes, at any rate by force of legislative enactment. But this seems to be a misconception. The anthem was specially dear to Blessed Jordan of Saxony, the second General of the Order, and he directed it to be sung processionally at the end of Compline every day, to put an end to the assaults of the evil spirits by which the repose of his brethren was at that time (c. 1230) much disturbed.¹ The Carmelites, to judge from the *Ordinale* of Sibert de Beka (about 1312), surrounded the *Salve* with exceptional marks of honour. Except upon greater feasts the first words were always sung kneeling and two candles were to be lighted for it, or on festivals four. The recitation of the *Salve* was not even omitted upon Holy Thursday and Good Friday, but on these two days it was said, not sung. The practice of lighting a special candle during the *Salve* after Compline seems to have prevailed in many of the older Orders of nuns, and the various observances often associated with this lighting, such as for example the wearing of gloves, are of curious interest. Among the Benedictines, Martène calls special attention to the terms of the decree passed by the general chapter held at Northampton in 1444, ordaining that the *Salve* should always be said after Compline. "In order that the wily serpent," we are told, "may not beguile those in the night time whom he is unable to overthrow in their waking hours, we think it necessary that before sleep we should implore her help who crushed the serpent's head." It is, however, certain that the *Salve* obtained full liturgical recognition among the Benedictines long before 1444. In the customary of St. Peter's, Westminster, which professes to be a copy of the code drawn up by Richard de Ware in 1266,² we hear of the "*Salve Regina* which according to the modern but not the ancient usage is sung after Compline together with the prayer of our Lady." It is possible that the *Salve* may owe its position after Compline in part to the processional idea which clung to it from early times. Although, no doubt, when fully established as part of the Office the whole was sung in choir before the altar, I am tempted to think

¹ See Etienne de Bourbon, *Anecdotes*, p. 102; Herolt, *Exempla*, n. 721; Humbert, *Opera* (Ed. Berthier) I, 71.

² *Customary of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, and St. Peter's, Westminster*, ii. 201; The copy may have been subjected to certain interpolations. The MS. itself is late fourteenth century. See Sir E. M. Thompson's Preface, p. vi.

that it may at first have been chanted on the way to the dormitory after having been intoned in the church. The Gospel of St. John now said at the altar before the end of Mass was originally repeated by the priest as he made his way back to the sacristy. A similar development may have taken place in the case of the *Salve*. Indeed it seems that among the Cistercians the *Salve* itself was recited at the end of Mass in place of the Gospel of St. John.¹

V. Popular Developments.

It would have been interesting to sketch at least in outline the many expedients by which the laity from an early period made the *Salve Regina* their own peculiar possession. It was not only on land, but at sea, not only in public churches but in chapels and private oratories, not only by reciting the text of the antiphon itself, but by all kinds of literary elaborations and imitations that the people showed their special predilection for both the words and the music of this touching appeal to the merciful Queen of Heaven. But this article already threatens to exceed due limits, and even the most concise statement of the many points to be touched upon would entail explanations too lengthy for our present issue. It will, perhaps, be possible to return to the subject on some future occasion.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ The Cistercians from the year 1218 recited the *Salve* processionally at Prime.

MISCELLANEA

I CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

THE PART OF WOMEN IN THE NATIONAL MISSION.

A SHARP controversy has arisen among Anglican Churchmen as to the part which women shall be allowed to take in the great National Mission for which they are preparing. It was inevitable, and most proper, that such a subject should be considered, and that a very considerable part in the various meetings, councils, and committees should be assigned to those who are sometimes called the weaker but often also the specially devout sex. National Mission Paper No. 11, for instance, sketches in outline the services they can render and insists on their value.

But a letter from Mr. Athelstan Riley in the *Church Times* for July 14th sounded a note of alarm:

It is becoming known that on July 3, after a long report of the Bishop of Chelmsford's Committee, on "relations with the Women's Movement," had been adopted by the Council of the National Mission, in itself open to serious criticism, the following motion was made by Miss Maud Royden and passed by the Council: "To urge upon the Bishops the importance of giving definite directions as to the best ways of using the services and receiving the message of women speakers, whether in Church or elsewhere."

Mr. Riley regrets that he and others were not present on that occasion to "protest against committing the Church of England to such a breach, not only of Catholic order but of Apostolic doctrine and fellowship," but he exhorts those to pause who may be tempted to withdraw from participation in the National Mission in consequence of this grave departure, assuring them that representations are to be made against it in the proper and responsible quarter.

That meant that the Bishops were to be called upon to reject the proposal of the Chelmsford Committee, and since Mr. Riley thus wrote, the *Daily Mail* has collected the views of ten of the Anglican Bishops, which it publishes in brief in its columns for August 11th. Speaking generally they show a quite intelligible disinclination to commit themselves to opinions which they say should be decided by their body

acting together as a whole. Still, the Bishop of London has made known generally that he would be prepared to allow addresses to be given by women in church under certain limitations, namely, that those who give them have the permission of the incumbent and of the Bishop, and that the audience be limited to women, that they be not given from the pulpit or the altar rails or the lectern, and that the permission be limited to the time of the National Mission itself. The Bishop of Chelmsford was understood to agree as to all these points with the Bishop of London. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in reply to a long letter from Mr. Athelstan Riley (printed in the *Church Times* for July 28th), spoke somewhat evasively. He thought it most desirable that the Bishops should respond to the invitation to give directions as to what should be allowed in their dioceses in this respect. He thought, however, Mr. Riley's apprehensions, as to what might ensue from the resolutions of the Church Council of the National Mission, were not based upon adequate grounds, whilst he had observed with much appreciation "what is being done both in England and France by women who have gathered a few girls and children in church and helped to guide their prayers."

This, however, did not satisfy Mr. Riley, who in reply tells the Archbishop that, as their Graces seem powerless to move the clergy and laity they must take it upon themselves. "We shall have," he says, "to satisfy ourselves therefore that our individual Bishops and diocesan councils of the National Mission have no intention of 'receiving the message of women-speakers in church' before we take part in the mission." And that this threat is being taken up seriously is evidenced by a Memorial which is being prepared under the direction of Mr. A. Hanbury-Tracy, the Vicar of St. Barnabas, Pimlico, as announced in the *Church Times* for August 11th. Indeed, by the time we go to press it is beginning to appear likely that these protests will tell with the Bishops in question and cause them to withdraw the limited sanction they were prepared to give to the suggestion made to them.

What will ultimately be done by the Anglicans in this matter does not concern us, but, as the subject has become topical, we may allow ourselves a brief remark on what the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury have said or done, as judged from a Catholic standpoint. What the

Bishop of London declared himself to be ready to sanction does not in itself appear to be excessive. As the Archbishop of Canterbury has noted, it is not unusual in Catholic churches on the Continent and in England for women to lead in church the prayers of some section of the people. Indeed, it is quite common during the month of October for some layman or laywoman, a school-mistress, for instance, to lead the recitation of the rosary or other prayers appointed by Bishops, or lesser authorities, to be said by children or sodalists, or even the congregation as a whole. Of course it is a further step to allow women to address audiences of their own sex, and where feasible it is usual and preferable to have these delivered in schoolrooms or other places of assemblage. Religious superiors are wont to give exhortations to their communities in their chapter-rooms, but there seems to be no absolute incongruity in their being given in their chapel, if the Bishop sees fit to sanction it, in places where only the chapel offers a suitable place for assembling the audience. Those who are against such practices point of course to the admonitions of St. Paul in I Cor. xi. and xiv., and I Tim. ii. But, whilst these passages are decisive on the main question, that it is for women to observe silence in the services of the Church and not seek to invade the province of the official ministry restricted by our Lord to the male sex, one must distinguish the substance from the accidentals of the Divine restriction. The state of feeling prevalent at any period as to the degree of retirement in which women shall live is a thing to consider, and there can in our own days be some things permitted without causing scandal which would have been felt to be intolerable in the days of St. Paul. We do not, for instance, insist on our women wearing veils when in church, and, if it be said that we do insist on their heads being covered, it can hardly be said that the species of hats in which they now come are as conspicuous emblems of subjection as the veils which St. Paul considered necessary. And in the same way the sort of domestic talks which ladies sometimes give to members of their own sex, especially the young among them, do not, so obviously at all events, transgress the limits of the "silence" (*ἡσυχία*) which St. Paul prescribes to women in church. On the whole, therefore, though it is not ours to decide what is appropriate for another Church, the rules laid down by the Bishop of London seem quite reasonable. Mr. Hanbury-Tracy's resolution, indeed, urges

that this claim on the part of some of their women to be allowed to deliver their "message" in the church is but the thin end of a wedge they are bent on eventually driving right in, namely, by wresting the right to receive ordination and to minister on an equal footing with men in the distribution of the Sacraments and the authoritative function of preaching. That there is such a party among them seems to be established. But the Archbishop of Canterbury would appear to be justified in assuring Mr. Riley that it is not influential enough to achieve its purpose. Nor in the present conditions does it seem likely that it should, at least in the Anglican Church; and any lady possessed of such ambitions would be wiser if she sought their attainment in some stately Temple of Christian Science.

As one adverts to the Anglican trouble, one cannot but reflect with thanksgiving on the entire absence of any similar cause for anxiety in our own communion. We have a large and increasing body of devout Catholic women in this country, not to speak of other lands where Catholics are more numerous. They render invaluable service to the Church and indispensable aid to the clergy in departments of work and solicitude where without the support of their experience and co-operation their pastors would find their efforts sorely restricted. It would be as unnecessary as it would be grotesque to protest on behalf of our Catholic women, religious or lay, that they cherish no ambitions of the priesthood or the pulpit, and are quite content to accept such conditions in addressing their own sex as the prudence of their Bishops and of the Holy See prescribes to them. For they realize the wisdom of that other sentiment of St. Paul, that "God has placed each member in the body according as He willed," so that "now there are many members but one body. And the eye cannot say to the hand I do not need your work, or the head to the feet you are not necessary to me."

S. F. S.

A JESUIT "FREE SCHOOL" IN LONDON, 1688.

THE fact that James II. founded two schools in London during his brief reign is not unknown; but they existed for so short a time that they have left but few traces behind them. The first school or "college" was founded in the royal hospital of the Savoy, in May, 1687; the second in Fenchurch Street on the 25th of March, 1688. The latter

adjoined the chapel of the Bavarian Embassy, which was also called the Embassy of the Palatinate. The district was then a riotous one; James had once to send soldiers to guard the chapel, and he afterwards prudently closed it for a time. When it was to be reopened in 1686, he saw to it that the chaplains were Jesuits, and that they should appear in their religious habit. This chapel was in Lime Street, and the inference is that "the Fenchurch Street Schools" continued the property at the back.

Brother H. Foley, in his *Records*, says that the opening took place on Lady Day 1688, the King having to some extent "founded" the establishment, church and school, on a pension of £350 a year. There were catechisms in the church, as well as sermons, and of the latter the Sunday afternoon sermon on "Controversies" proved even too popular.

A free Protestant School was opened in May, to counteract the work of the Jesuits, and in June Van Citters, the Dutch Ambassador, reported that the soldiers had had to be sent back to Lime Street to keep the peace during service hours. In October, when the first shocks of the coming Revolution were felt, the disturbances at once began again. The Father Rector there was Father Charles Petre, brother of the unpopular Father Edward, and it is stated that, during one of the controversial sermons, he made some depreciatory remark concerning "Queen Elizabeth's translation of the bible." Someone in the congregation gave him the lie, and a disturbance followed. This was reported by Van Citters on the 2/12 of October, and by the Nuncio d'Adda on the 12/22 following. At the end of November all was over; the chapel had been sacked by the mob "and razed to the ground," and the college staff had fled. At Canterbury they were held up for a time, but after two months' confinement they were allowed to retire to Flanders.

Brother Foley tells us, shortly, that when the schools were opened, "prospectuses of the schools had been issued, announcing that the Greek and Latin languages would be taught, that the education would be gratis, and that the boys would be admitted irrespective of religious denomination or condition, nor would scholars be required to abandon or change their religion." The following table of *Rules* appears to be an original prospectus of this sort. It has been kindly communicated by Miss L. I. Guiney, who found it in the Bodleian Library among the papers of Thomas Hearne, the

antiquary. It may seem strange at first sight that Jesuits of all people should conduct a school open to all creeds and take measures to safeguard the faith of non-Catholics therein, but such after all was the character which St. Ignatius meant his schools to have from the start.

THE
RULES OF THE SCHOOLS
AT THE
JESUITS IN FENCHURCH-STREET.

The Intention of Opening these Schools is, to Teach Youth Vertue and Learning; They shall be Taught Gratis; nor shall they be at any further Charges or Expences than the buying of their own Pens, Ink, Paper and Books.

II. These Schools are common to all, of what condition soever, and none shall be excluded, when they shall be thought fit to begin to learn Latin, and Write sufficiently well: And in these Schools shall be taught Greek and Latin, as also Poetry and Rhetoric, as they shall rise to higher Schools.

III. And altho' Youths of different Professions, whether *Catholics* or *Protestants*, come to these Schools; yet in Teaching all, there shall be no distinction made, but all shall be Taught with equal Diligence and Care, and every one shall be promoted according to his Deserts.

IV. There shall not be, either by Masters or Scholars, any tampering or meddling to persuade any one from the Profession of his own Religion; but there shall be all freedom for every one to practise that Religion he shall please, and none shall be less esteem'd or favored for being of a different Religion from others.

V. None shall upbraid or reproach any one on the account of Religion; and when any Exercise of Religion shall be practised, as hearing *Mass*, *Catechising*, or *Preaching*, or any other; it shall be lawful for any *Protestant*, without any molestation or trouble, to absent himself from such Exercise, if he please.

VI. All shall be taught to Keep God's Commandments, and therefore none shall be permitted to Lye, Swear, or Curse, or talk uncivil Discourse; Nor shall fight or quarrel with one another; and he who shall be observed to fail in these Duties shall be punished according to his demerit: And when any one for these or other Faults shall be adjudged to any Chastisement, if he shall refuse to receive such Chastisement quietly, or be stubborn, he shall be Expell'd the School, and not to be readmitted again, until he shall have given satisfaction for such his Fault.

VII. All shall be in their respective Schools by a quarter

before Eight in the Morning, and shall there stay until Ten and a half: Again at a quarter before Two, until half an hour after Four. And all Parents are earnestly desired to send their Children timely to School, and not easily to stay them at home; for the neglect of some Days may hinder the Profit of many Weeks and Months: And they are to send them decently Clad.

VIII. The other hours of the day they shall Study at their own Homes, and prepare those Exercises which the Masters in the Schools appoint to be Brought at their next coming to the Schools. And therefore all Parents are desired to allow their respective Scholars such conveniency for their Studies at their own Houses, that they may comply with those Duties which are appointed them.

IX. All are required to be exact and diligent, in daily frequenting the Schools, and being there, none are to go out without leave of their Master; and when any one shall be absent from School, he shall the next day he comes bring from his Parents a Ticket of the lawfulness of such his absence: Yet they shall have every Week two Afternoons of Recreation, in which they come not to School; unless a Holy-day happen that Week, which shall then be their Recreation-day.

X. Such as come from the Writing-School, and have no entrance into Latin, are to be received but three times in the Year, *viz.* at the beginning of the *New Year*, at *Easter*, and about our Lady-day in *September*.

London. Printed for F.W., and are to be sold by the *Cushion-Man* at the Chappell in *Lime-street*.

Broadside, indorsed in manuscript by Thomas Hearne: "T. H. Feb. 6, 1720. Given me by Mr. Dyer of Oriel Coll." Bodleian reference, Fol. A, 662, § 63.

J. H. P.

II TOPICS OF THE MONTH

The Root of the Matter.

The recrudescence of such types of conduct as the murder of Captain Fryatt, the *razzia* in North-Eastern France, the execution of hostages in Serbia, and the treatment of starving Poland, will, we trust, serve a further purpose than the stiffening of the Allies' determination to see their cause through to its issue in a righteous peace and the execution of justice upon evil-doers. It should also bring home afresh to us all—and more plainly than is everywhere realized even amongst ourselves—the real issue at stake; it should take us once again to what is after all the root of the matter in this war. Now we are not concerned to deny that to the historian this struggle may rightly present itself as the latest, and the most enormous, effort of European civiliza-

tion to preserve that fair balance of power among its constituent elements which it has always united to defend when threatened by schemes of hegemony on the part of one nation or group. To the statesman of an invaded country, again, it will appear as a desperate struggle for national existence itself. The neutral observer, on whichever side his sympathies lie, may well be excused for seeing in these accumulated horrors only the breakdown, or even the suicide of Christian civilization. And particularly the Catholic neutral may envisage it almost exclusively as a not undeserved retribution upon the belligerent nations for their many infidelities—of which none are guiltless—against that Alma Mater which gave them at once their civilization and their religion; and to whom they have so often turned the deaf ear when she spoke to them of the things that concerned their peace. "We owe our civilization to the Pope. Can it survive without him?" With these words Dr. Barry concluded some years ago a famous *Dublin* article.¹ To many Catholic minds the present conflict seems to provide in answer a terrible negative.

**Incomplete
Diagnoses.**

Such diagnoses have, we admit, each an element of truth. But it is unfortunately in the very nature of a diagnosis that unless it reaches the essential truth, and goes to the root of the matter, it is only the more misleading and dangerous by reason of its part-truths. We speak, of course, only for ourselves and our own people. It is not for us to discuss the conscience of neutrals, though it is our business to do our best to help in forming it, by seeing that the relevant material we have bearing on the subject is adequately laid before them. *Magna est veritas et praevalerebit.* But as for ourselves, it was not political advantage, nor self-defence, nor fatality, that essentially moved us to declare war on our principal opponent two years ago. True, advantage may follow, but the conscience of Britain is clear that advantage was not the impelling motive; the two things are not inconsistent. What put the matter beyond all doubt in those fateful days of 1914 was the first great breach of international obligation—afterwards confessed as such—the solemnity of the guarantees then violated, and the shocking circumstances that accompanied the act. It may have been our duty quite apart from that act to enter into this war; but that act it was which set the matter in full daylight, and left us simply no choice but to elect as we elected. It was a Crusade we embarked upon, not simply a war; and just as fidelity to this ideal is the sustaining force of our effort, so forgetfulness of it, as it seems to us, is the cause of those maladies which in various directions during the past two years have affected the national morale and reacted upon our efficiency in the conflict.

¹ *Roma Sacra. Dublin Review*, July, 1907. P. 55.

**Law and the
Nations.**

To us, then, the whole point of this struggle is not that our Christian civilization has committed suicide, but that it is under the surgeon's knife; not that Law among the nations has broken down, but that it is being vindicated. Owing largely to the Austinian influence on the history of our English law-schools, a very unfortunate uncertainty of touch pervades the subject in legal circles, and has spread outwards. Because a case in International Law cannot in the last resort find its outcome in briefs, pleadings, a trial, verdict, and execution, the practising lawyer, to whom these things are after all what the "business" of law means, and the Austinians, ruled by the code of Utility, tend to deny that International Law is truly law at all. To them it becomes simply International Morals, a thing subject to no "legal" sanction, and if forced to arbitration determinable only by the "irrational" hazard of the sword. Happily, there has never been lacking in our midst a better tradition from the days of Lord Stowell (though he does not speak with an entirely consistent voice) to those of Professor Westlake. This great lawyer's more general chapters should be read by all who have business or concern in international politics, and not merely by law students. As he himself points out, the study is one that concerns the former even more than the latter. And his conclusion is that that great body of tradition which we know as International Law is an affair of "true jural rights," because it is not merely a code which "ought to reign," but one which the tradition and the conscience of Christendom has decided "ought to be *made to reign*." Happily indications are not wanting that, even during the war, the truer view is growing in our midst. Of great significance is the pronouncement of Professor Goudy, president of the new and admirable *Grotius Society*—"International Law, despite the manifold and flagrant disregard of its rules, will not be overthrown." And still more significant, in the wide implication of the principle it lays down, is the decision of the House of Lords last April in the case of the *Zamora*,¹ where judgment was actually given against an executive act of the Crown, on account of its being in point of form inconsistent with International Law and usage. The practical difficulties in that case were subsequently remedied by the *quietus* given to the Declaration of London. But all the same Sir F. E. Smith's attempts to revive Tudor claims setting the Crown above law were badly set back.

**Coercive
Sanctions.**

It is not too much to say that the positivist (and thoroughly Protestant) conception of Law in international affairs, as it has dominated to such unhappy ends the German school of jurists, has also weakened enormously the *morale* of those among

¹ *Times*, April 11, 1916. Report and leading article.

the Allies and neutrals who have been affected by it. Pessimistic talk about the breakdown of civilization, confusion of thought in such matters as "reprisals," the irrelevant pursuit of issues of the more narrowly national kind—such evils and many others have been the result. That our civilization has been driven to the last and terrible arbitrament of the sword, and that in consequence even while justice is being accomplished all are suffering terribly, as all have sinned, is quite true. That warfare as an instrument of justice is a horror which one may hope the human race will outgrow, as Christendom has outgrown slavery and polygamy is, *pace* Mr. Lilly, also true. But that, with all its horrors, war, given certain clear and stringent conditions, is the rightful, and at present the last, resort, and that it may even be an inevitable duty, in enforcing law among the nations, is equally clear, and the consistent teaching of the Church. That, on our conscience, we have only so entered into it, is our only justification and the ground of our hopes. The hazard of war, and its consequent imperfection as a coercive sanction of the jural rights it seeks to enforce, becomes irrelevant. "Thrice armed is he that hath his quarrel just." The greater the issue, the less is it susceptible of the small certainties of police action. The affair is raised into the great sphere where man is seen to be small and God great, and the nation rightly at arms, while using to the utmost all human means at its disposal, is essentially thrown back upon the watchword of typically Christian warfare—May God defend the Right! No theological objection, at any rate, can be based on the uncertainty of the issue, though that uncertainty may well be a powerful incentive to efforts towards finding a better court of last resort. In itself the uncertainty of the issue simply raises in another form the ever-present problem of the existence of evil, and throws us back, in the last resort, upon Faith.

**A Difficulty of
Catholics.**

In another way, defective views of the real issue may affect unfortunately the feelings of Catholics about the war. The sort of thing we see before us, they naturally say, and rightly, is among the consequences of revolt from the God-given moral Authority of Christendom; the "impotence" of International Law is largely the result of its being, as we now have it, mostly the product of the jurists of small States, deprived of the backing of the world-wide moral force of Rome. There is only too much truth in such statements. Small wonder if Catholic neutrals have had many pre-dispositions to overcome before they could even begin to understand our case, or if Catholics of any sort have tended to feel a certain depression in regard to some aspects of the conflict which does not affect others. Can one call that

war a Crusade which by the very necessity of its nature and of the circumstances, closes the mouth of the Pope and defers the pronouncement of his judgment? Without the faintest derogation of his loyalty to his cause, or relaxation in his personal service of the State, a Catholic of the Allied Nations may well feel the strain of that question. But, carefully considered, we conceive any such partial depression of feeling to be utterly ill-founded, and for this reason.

And the Answer.

That there ever existed *de facto*, even in the days of Faith, such a supremacy of the Faith over the political conscience of the nations, as the Catholic ideal postulates, is a complete delusion. State-craft has ever been shortsighted and rebellious. We are convinced that in this respect (and these limiting words are important) things are no worse to-day, but probably better than when the Pope was acknowledged nominally by all Europe. At least nation set against nation does not produce anti-Pope set against Pope; moreover, the voice of Rome, when it can speak, is freed from all question or suspicion of national interest, and at the same time—this is the important point—the conscience of the individual and national Catholic is freed from many subsidiary but entangling questions of politics. And further, in the kind of issues raised in this war, he is taken back to principles anterior even to the division between Catholic and Protestant. For what is the nature of that complexus of principles, and of usages dependent upon them, which is known as International Law? It is analogous with natural, not revealed Truth, with Natural Law not with Divine or ecclesiastical precept. It existed before Christianity (however amplified and purified by Christian thinkers) and is the property of man as such, apart from Revelation or the Church. What did the Roman lawyers mean by *jus gentium*? Not, as Sir Henry Maine tried to make out, some re-discovery of supposed institutions arbitrarily set up by "primitive man," but an objective Law of Righteousness, inhering in the reason of man as such, a *jus naturale*, only called *jus gentium* because found in all lands, written on the hearts and consciences of all men. Such it was when Cicero wrote *de Legibus* and *de Republica*, and such it remains to-day.

A Hope for the Future.

Thus it comes to pass that the citizen who has to form his conscience in such a position as the present, is face to face with very elementary things. Take the case of one belonging to our nation and its allies. To such an one the nature of the things at stake as he sees them—the maintenance of law between nations as between individuals, the moral character of the State as such,

the maintenance in warfare of usages conforming to morality as well as of those which Christian and humane convention has agreed upon—render so far forth irrelevant the position or the history of those with whom he may be allied, so that they be on the right side in the main issue. The “confessional” distinction becomes to that extent irrelevant. He is not called upon to judge the consciences of co-religionists on the opposite side; it is not necessary for him to conclude that they have apostatized from morals; it suffices if they have been misinformed. But so far from feeling, as regards those fighting with him, that “adversity brings us strange bed-fellows,” the fact that they are with him will be the brightest of promises for *their* future. As the war has drawn all France together, with the happy results we see, so we should look to the war to draw us much nearer to the mass of our Protestant fellow-countrymen, and to make them know us better, with the result—be it near or far—that their loyalty to conscience and to the right in one vital issue may gain for them the blessing of the fuller and brightest Light.

**The Education
of the Future.**

Only less vital than the prosecution of the war to its issue in a righteous peace and in the re-establishment of Law among the nations, is the timely consideration of the problems that will arise with its conclusion. And of these surely one of the most urgent is that of the national education. There was plenty of movement before the war, but for the most part it was little better than beating the air. During the war the question has been mostly in a state of suspended animation, with, for nominal Minister of Education, a statesman introduced into the Cabinet for purposes totally irrelevant to his Office. It is to the good that Mr. Henderson has been found a more suitable titular post, even if the succession of Lord Crewe is somewhat uninspiring. More to the point is the revived public interest in the subject, and the changed tone of average comment. We trust and believe that the hankerings after Egypt displayed by too many educational reformers before the war have died down, and the danger of extreme regimentation in the school and domination over the teacher on the part of the State, on the German model, is past. More efficiency, yet also more flexibility and freedom are what is needed, with more room for ideals and less for the tyranny of examinations. Of these things, the type is the really good literary and humanistic education of which our Catholic colleges are traditional depositaries. The tone of the recent debate in the House of Lords, with the weighty protests of men of the great world, like Lords Cromer and Curzon, on behalf of literary culture, is an augury of good.

**A Sacrificed
Tradition.**

It is a matter that particularly concerns us Catholics, for on no portion of the community has the educational policy of the last thirty years inflicted more lamentable damage. We were the possessors of an educational tradition liberal and solid, a culture and a discipline based on the language of culture and of intellectual discipline—Latin—existing in our midst as a living and not a dead tongue. We were able to produce a type of culture valuable in itself and in the habit of mind it formed. When we came out of the penal obscurity into the national life, the rigid prevailing system obliged us to conform. Teaching had to follow the requirements of the public examiners; cramming had to take the place of education, and boys whose type of mind was not adaptable to cramming had to go without education altogether. A tradition above all things living and enlivening, based on the oral principle, operating by the direct play of mind upon mind, had to go down before the tyranny of that educational abomination of desolation, the written examination. The absurd result is what we see to-day, boys who can tell one all the irregular noun-plurals they will never meet in ordinary life in France, but who can neither understand, nor make themselves understood by, a Frenchman when he asks them the simplest question; boys who have got "honours" in Latin but cannot engage in half a minute's easy conversation in that language, and (incredible as it may sound, it is true) Catholic boys calling themselves educated, who do not know the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary" in the Church's own language. We were better off at Douai or 'St. Omer a hundred and fifty years ago.

**Some Hopeful
Signs.**

But if the hope of more elasticity in educational method and more freedom for the various types that can be brought to the enrichment of the national mind is encouraging, far more important is the question whether, with many other problems of pre-war politics, the religious question in education will not find itself solved by a nation awakened to realities. Some sparring in *The Times* towards the end of August, provoked by a not very tactful letter of Lord Parmoor's, looked rather unpromising. But we shall hardly be wrong in attributing far more weight to Mr. Lloyd George's pronouncement in Denbighshire on the 20th. He was not speaking about the education question, but his words covered it:

You don't improve the *morale* of a people by snubbing their shrines. It is essential that you should have fair play for all creeds and all sects and all faiths . . . that every denomination shall have equal freedom.

The principle is as obviously just as it is easy of application. If politicians who in the past have been so singularly un-Liberal would only see to it that we have equal treatment of all denominations, instead of the erection of a State super-religion to which all must bow, the question *solvitur ambulando*. Perhaps they will; and if so they will find none more willing than Catholics to meet them half-way on matters of detail. If not, they will find that Catholics stand exactly where they stood before the war.

**Catholics and
Reading.**

In other directions we have, educationally, plenty of room for reform and plenty of head-way to make. Not the least important sphere of activity in this respect is the self-education of our own laity, particularly in all that concerns the Faith. The subject is brought home to us by the receipt the other day of a publication issued by the Catholic Alumni Sodality of Philadelphia, Pa., entitled *Catalog of Catholic Books in the Free Library of Philadelphia*. Such a work testifies to the alertness of American Catholicism; its copiousness to the excellence of the Philadelphia Free Library; and in both respects it exhibits us English Catholics, by contrast, as sadly lacking in enterprise. Few of our London Free Libraries have a due percentage of Catholic books, which is probably the fault of Catholics themselves in not demanding them. At any rate, the present writer frequently takes classical Catholic works out of a certain London Free Library, only to find from the dates marked in the cover, that books by Newman, Gasquet, Allies, or Bridgett, have not been taken out for a year or two years or three. And this within three minutes' walk of what is reputed to be one of the strongest centres of Catholicism in London! And we understand that a well-known Catholic library has removed from its shelves within the last few years hundreds of books which any Catholic reader of general culture might be expected to desire to read, simply because no one had asked for a single one of them for years. Despite this shocking state of things, there is a reserve of enthusiasm in our midst, excellent organizations like the Catholic Reading Guild and the C.T.S. all ready to form a basis of operations, small parochial libraries all over the country—most of them pitifully insufficient—ready to form a field for the work. We trust that after the war it will be vigorously taken in hand.

**What is a
Catholic Book?**

But the Philadelphia *Catalog* raises other interesting questions, for like dictionaries catalogues generally make good reading, provocative of thought. We may pass over a few minor peculiarities, such as that by which Mr. Belloc's *Emmanuel* *Burden* attains to the dignity of Biography, while his *Marie*

Antoinette becomes merely Fiction. Perhaps these are local idiosyncrasies, like the spelling of the word "catalogue." However, the Philadelphia publication has set us asking ourselves—What is a Catholic book? If a professor of mathematics, being a Catholic, writes a treatise on Quaternions, do his Quaternions thereby become Catholic and the book with them? Are the *Commercial Law Reports*, 1905—7, Catholic because Mr. Theobald Mathew produced them, and the preceding and following volumes Protestant? From a good number of the Philadelphia entries it would seem that this principle, or something not remotely unlike it, holds good. For instance, we all know that Mrs. Hungerford Pollen and Dr. Williamson are ardent Catholics; are, therefore, the former's work upon Lace, and the latter's books about Miniatures and Ceramics "Catholic books," as Philadelphia seems to consider? Of course it is not easy to draw the line; but it must be drawn somewhere.

And what is
it not?

So far the affair is more a librarian's question than anything else. But we come to matters much more substantial when we find that Philadelphia counts as Catholic books such works as

Sarpi's *Council of Trent*, the *Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz*, and the *Complete Dramatic Works of John Dryden*—to say nothing of some quite hair-raising specimens from English literature of the last thirty years. Really, one asks, if the Dryden comedies, why not also Rabelais? The fact, of course, is that it is impossible to devise any rules that will cover all instances; there must always be border-line cases, and the problems of the catalogue-maker are insoluble. The rule of thumb is the only real rule, and that being so, we should ourselves feel inclined to allow a good broad margin on the side of edification, or absence of disedification. If readers have legitimate reasons for wishing to consult books that may be near the border-line, they will be able to find them from the ordinary sources of reference. At any rate we for our part should not feel inclined to obtrude them on the notice of the more unformed minds as "Catholic books," because Catholics happen to have written them. But we had not intended to branch off into criticizing adversely the details of the excellent work of the Philadelphia Sodality. We would rather congratulate its members on their enterprise and alertness, and express the hope that before too long they may find imitators on this side of the water.

H. S. D.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Christ, The Human Knowledge of [Prof. Jean Rivière in *Bulletin de la littérature Ecclésiastique*, July 30, 1916, p. 289].

Human Race, Unity of the [Dr. J. J. Walsh in *America*, July 22, 1916, p. 350].

Liturgical Worship, Pastoral of the Archbishop of Perugia upon [*English Church Review*, Aug. 1916, p. 351].

Liturgy, The Roman, in Slavonic [Rev. P. Sandalgi in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Aug. 1916, p. 113].

Messianism in the Old Testament [A. Celliani in *La Scuola Cattolica*, Aug. 1916, p. 130].

Symbolism, Religious, a modern example described [*Examiner*, July 22, 1916, p. 293].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Anglicanism and the Religious Life [J. Loomis in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Aug. 1916, p. 121].

Bergson, The Philosophy of [José Cuervo in *La Ciencia Tomista*, Aug. 1916, p. 447].

Eugenics [Sir B. Windle on "A Rule of Life" in *Catholic World*, Aug. 1916, p. 577].

Faguet, E., criticized [C. Ruiz in *Razon y Fe*, Aug. 1916, p. 413. Paul Bernard in *Etudes*, Aug. 5, 1916, p. 312].

Family Limitation [Dr. J. McCarthy in *Ecclesiastical Record*, Aug. 1916, p. 180].

Freemasonry, Luther and the Rosicrucians [L. Hacault, LL.D., in *Fortnightly Review* (St. Louis), July 15, 1916, p. 217].

Mexico, The Troubles in [Joseph Boubée in *Etudes*, Aug. 5, 1916, p. 353].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Benedict XV. and the War [general review by L. Glorieux in *Revue du Clergé Français*, Aug. 1, 1916, p. 212, and Aug. 15, 1916, p. 309].

Dante and Thomism [A. J. Rahilly in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Aug. 1916, p. 130. J. M. Flood in *Irish Theological Quarterly*, July, 1916, p. 241].

Italy, Priest-soldiers of [Prof. Bernaraggi in *La Scuola Cattolica*, Aug. 1916, p. 149].

Kurth, Godefroid, Catholic Historian [Dr. W. P. H. Kitchin in *Catholic World*, Aug. 1916, p. 617].

Pangermanism [M. Bricot in *Revue du Clergé Français*, Aug. 15, 1916, p. 348].

Sarbiewski, Poet and Priest [A. O'Malley in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Aug. 1916, p. 145].

Shakespeare, Clerical Characters in [Elbridge Colley in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Aug. 1916, p. 131].

Terèse of Lisieux, Scour, Stories of, from the Battlefield [*Catholic Times*, Aug. 11, 1916, p. 5].

University Education Catholic [Rev. T. J. Walshe in *Irish Theological Quarterly*, July, 1916, p. 261].

War, The doctrine of Joseph de Maistre on [C. Besse in *Revue de Pratique d'Apologétique*, Aug. 1, 1916, p. 537].

War and Fatalism [*Civiltà Cattolica*, Aug. 19, 1916, p. 400].

REVIEWS

I—MEDIÆVAL WELSH CATHOLICISM¹

THERE is a great deal in this little volume which is worth the attention of the English student, precluded by his ignorance of Welsh from investigating the sources for himself. The late Bishop Hedley in his Preface to the volume pays a well deserved tribute to Mr. De Hirsch-Davies' competence to deal with the subject. "When," says the Bishop, "he was received into the Church two or three years ago, he was a well-known Anglican clergyman in North Wales, and had already published a history of the Church in Wales, which, although written from an Anglican point of view, is marked with a fair and candid spirit and bears the impress of the hand of an expert." Our author's task has no doubt been facilitated by the comprehensive work of Dr. Hartwell Jones' *Celtic Britain and the Pilgrim Movement*, reviewed in these pages a few years ago, as well as by the extremely valuable little essay of the Rev. J. Fisher, *Private Devotions of the Welsh*. We are sorry that he did not borrow from this last source, or compile for himself, an integral translation of that most characteristic feature of the devotional spirit of the Cymry, the prayer to our Lady known as *Breuddwyd Mair*, or "Mary's Dream." The few lines quoted on pp. 98 and 99 of the volume before us only whet our appetite for more. It must be confessed that Mr. Davies' treatment of the subject is a little casual and scrappy. This is probably due to the fact that his materials were originally gathered together to be incorporated in a paper, necessarily of very brief compass, which was read at the Cardiff Congress in July 1914. As it is, many of the points he touches upon would gain both in interest and in clearness if they could be dealt with systematically and compared with mediæval observances in England and on the Continent. For example the *Breuddwyd Pawl Ebostol* (the Dream of Paul the Apostle), mentioned on p. 121, must be, we doubt not, identical in substance with the "Apocalypse of Paul," which belongs to a very early stratum of Christian literature. Again, the em-

¹ *Catholicism in Mediæval Wales*. By J. E. De Hirsch-Davies, M.A. London: Washbourne. Pp. xii, 158. 1916.

phasis laid upon "seeing God's body" recalls the memory of a hundred analogues in the devotional treatises of England and the Continent. It represents a development which, as has long ago been pointed out in these pages, ended by giving us our modern Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Again, we should have been very grateful for an orderly discussion of the question as to when the word *Baderau* means beads (rosaries) and when it bears reference to the saying of the Our Father. One of the many little gems of devotional thought quoted in the essay is the Welsh proverb, "Let thy Rosary (*baderau*) be smooth and thy weapons rusty." Finally, we would suggest with diffidence that there may sometimes be room for difference of opinion as to the justice of Mr. De Hirsch-Davies' interpretations. What he translates as "the seven sacraments" (*llafanad*) in the Book of Taliesin, seems to us more likely to contain a reference to the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost. Any enumeration of the sacraments is of very rare occurrence before the twelfth century, whereas the *Veni Creator*, for example, with its *Tu septiformis munere*, is of considerably earlier date.

2—ST. ALFONSO LIGUORI¹

THERE are many Lives of St. Alfonso Liguori, some of them voluminous and at the same time discriminating, at the head of all which stand the memoirs of his disciple and friend of forty years, Padre Tannoia. Still the Baron J. Angot des Rotours, who has written the little Life before us for the well-known French Series *Les Saints*, doubts if, in spite of them all, St. Alfonso's real influence on the spiritual life as well as his real character has been truly realized. At all events there was room for a memoir such as he has now contributed and his translator has brought within the reach of English readers, for it is a Life of modest dimensions suitable to the needs of busy readers and in conformity with the method of the series to which it belongs. It studies St. Alfonso from the point of view of modern thinkers, as indeed he deserves to be studied, for he died not more than a century and a half ago, and lived in an age when, if arbitrary government was still at its summit, the advent of

¹ *The Saints' Series: Saint Alphonsus Liguori*. By Baron J. Angot des Rotours. English Translation. Washbourne, London: Benziger, New York. Pp. 179. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1916.

a new age, the age to which we ourselves belong, was making itself felt and was raising the kind of religious and social questions with which we are now familiar. It is on this account that he has been the victim of so many attacks which have treated him as an apologist of lax morality, and a propagator of unwholesome devotions. This is partly because his assailants have been dominated by an anti-religious prejudice which has biased their judgment, and partly because the study of Catholic doctrine, and especially the study of Casuistry, is hard for those who will not devote to it the time and labour essential for understanding it. There are many indeed who, however well-inclined and even anxious to form sound judgments on these topics, have not the leisure or the education which alone could qualify them. Still there is a shorter way of judging these systems, namely, by a comparative study of the character and practical spirituality of the Jansenists and their opponents as seen in the lives of the theologians themselves of either party and of those who have been trained in their school. Baron Angot des Rotours, to help us in making this comparison, sets down some facts illustrating the effect of Jansenism on the spiritual life of its adepts. Antoine Arnauld, the real leader of the party, wrote a book on *Frequent Communion*. Its name might suggest that its object was to encourage a practice which the Church has ever held in high esteem. In fact its object was to discourage the practice by exaggerating the quality of the dispositions required for a profitable Communion. To its influence was due the custom which was propagated in France of refusing absolution for a considerable period after confession, and even after multiplied confessions.

Nuns such as the Mères Arnauld boasted that they had not made their Easter Communion for three years. . . . In the diocese of Troyes about this time canonical penances were imposed upon children depriving them of the Sacraments for eight or ten years; the First Communions usually made at the great feasts were abolished in nearly all the parishes. Easter Communions, especially in country parishes, almost ceased, and the custom spread of receiving the Sacrament of Matrimony without first going to confession.

Right into the nineteenth century this evil custom persisted, and stood greatly in the way of those zealous missionaries who sought by their parochial missions to revive the practice of religion, towards which after the horrors of the revolution

the minds of many were inclining. What it all came from was a failure to realize that the Sacraments were given by God to man not as rewards of virtue but as means of grace, and what it all came to was that the people were being taught to dispense with the grace of God and seek to keep themselves from sin by reliance on their own natural powers. Even yet the Jansenist spirit is not entirely cast out, but all through the nineteenth century a mighty counter-campaign was carried on by devoted men in whom was the true Catholic spirit, and the recovery was marvellous. St. Alfonso was one of the foremost workers in this anti-Jansenist movement, of the necessity for which he was made keenly conscious by the work of mission-giving that absorbed so much of his apostolic zeal. And it was to subserve this zeal for souls that he wrote, often under grave difficulties, so many books of instruction and devotion, and particularly that he wrote his *Moral Theology* in no spirit of laxity but one of perfect candour and judgment, as well as in full appreciation of the difficult positions in which men and women anxious to be true to God and God's law found themselves so often placed by the malice of the age and its network of falsehood.

We have dwelt on this one feature in St. Alfonso's solicitude and activity because this little book is so full of it. But, as we have already intimated, if we would appreciate aright the tendency of his preaching and spiritual direction we must pay attention in the first place to his personal character, his sweet and lovable spirit, his spotless candour, his humility under conditions the most trying. For in working out their anti-religious theories, under the guise of a professed zeal for genuine religion, men like Tanucci were playing the devil's part in undermining the religion of the Neapolitans. And it was they who engineered the trouble which involved in bitter, though, thank God, only temporary, divisions St. Alfonso and some of the members of his own congregation.

3—THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND¹

MR. STANLEY LEATHES is bringing out what he describes as a Social History for Schools. The subject is the People of England, and the work is to be in three volumes. The first two, which have already appeared, are

¹ *A Social History for Schools.* 1. The People in the Making. 2. The People in Adventure. By Stanley Leathes, C.B., M.A. Heinemann. Pp. xxiv, 289; xxiv, 292. 1916.

entitled the *People in the Making* and the *People in Adventure*, and cover respectively the period from the commencement to the time of the Invention of Printing, and from thence to the time of the great French Revolution. The third volume, which is stated to be in preparation, will bring the story up to the present day, under the title of the *People on its Trial*. In a short Preface the author explains his purpose. His book is intended for boys and girls between the ages of twelve and sixteen, and therefore also for the schools in which they are taught. It is not intended to be their first text book, and presupposes that they have already been instructed in the main movements and outlines of the periods they are now invited to study more intimately under the aspect of the social development and progress of the people, and the gradual formation of their special tastes, instincts, and impulses. The titles of the separate volumes are justified by the author in this wise.

This [the first volume] deals with the making, the schooling, the apprenticeship of the nation. It shows how learning and art—driven out by the Angles and Saxons—worked their way back through the Church, the Normans, the Crusades, and the French. It shows how an untutored people by foreign discipline learnt to govern itself. The second volume will endeavour to show the people in the enthusiasms, moods, and poses of independent youth; gay and glorious in the days of Elizabeth; sober and censorious with the Puritans; passing from excess of sobriety to excess of frivolity and thence to an affectation of British phlegm; but in all circumstances adventurous, and by sheer love of adventure pushing itself to a high place among the nations. In the third volume you shall see how the people, wealthy and secure, was saved from sloth and fatness by its perennial youth, which led it into two great wars and a ceaseless course of warless revolution—political, industrial, agricultural, and social. Such are the aspects of the three periods which the three volumes will attempt to express.

Such is Mr. Leathes' estimate of the leading characteristics of the periods his account covers, and they will do sufficiently well as *cadres* in which the study of them can be helpfully framed, though a teacher will do well to point out to the young students that the course of history cannot be regarded as dominated by an iron law of determinism, such as the Hegelian theory required, but bears everywhere the traces of the action of man's free will moulding, and in turn moulded by, the external circumstances of the particular age.

In carrying out this plan the author has followed a good method. He has been anxious not to be dry in his style, realizing how destructive is a dull, dry style, of the enthusiasm with which a young reader of history is only too ready to be fired if it be presented to him in a stimulating manner. And he has brought together a selection of facts that will serve to stir his readers and furnish them with sound information as to the ways and habits of their forefathers, and in this respect the wealth of illustrative plates will be very helpful, for they are such as will not only give pleasure but direct thought and inquiry. Some of the subjects included are out of the common range, but none the less appropriate for that. Such are the chapters on styles of architecture, on monastic methods of building, on schools of furniture. The author also deflects from what is usual in giving so much space at the beginning to the prehistoric period. He has done it very well and awakens interest in the question of the alternations of land and water, the old and new stone age, the bronze age, and so on. Though, perhaps, here he lays himself open to the criticism of being too categorical in a subject where all is highly inferential not to say conjectural. A Catholic reviewer turns in the first place to see how the author will treat the Catholic question which has played such an important part in English history. Mr. Leathes has evidently sought to be fair, and he lays down the good principle that "if we stand a little out of the mire it is because our forefathers built a platform on which our feet are set. . . . We may profit by endeavouring to understand those great ones, we are not worthy to sit in judgment upon them." Many instances, too, may be cited in which he has resisted the temptation to accept popular misconceptions. Still it is clear too that, though a former professor of history in an important Cambridge College, he has seldom felt the necessity of testing the popular notions of Catholicism by reference to Catholic works. On this account there are many statements in the book which a Catholic boy or girl must regard with caution, or rather which their Catholic teachers must correct for them. None the less we have no hesitation in recommending these little volumes for use in Catholic schools. So much that they contain is useful for our pupils and not easily obtainable, at least in so convenient a form, elsewhere. And as for the parts which are open to exception from the Catholic point of view, it always seems to us best that our children should make their

first acquaintance with the prevalent erroneous views about their religion and its history, in the days when they have competent teachers at their side to warn them and instruct them, rather than in later days when they will be without this advantage.

4—THE DECLINE OF LIBERTY IN ENGLAND¹

MR. E. S. P. HAYNES in a short Preface assures us that a sense of real urgency in regard to the question of personal liberty has impelled him to write this book before he has had time to look through the mass of literature that exacting critics might require of him as a qualification. Critics who are less drastic than this may well, after reading through these pages, especially if they have also read his evidence before the Divorce Law Commission, regret that he has not tried to qualify himself by cultivating more of the spirit of historical accuracy and insight. His general point is that for a long time past State intervention and other powerful influences, religious and economic, have been invading in this country the domain of personal liberty for the security of which it used to be so jealous; and that now there is reason to fear lest, when the war is over and the period of reconstruction succeeds, this evil and anti-English process will be carried on to further extravagances, unless an effective protest is made in time. For the war has revealed to us that Germany owes her enormous strength to her method of Kultur or efficiency which she has acquired by means of her far-reaching system of State control; and this revelation has made such an impression upon us as a nation that there is danger lest, even if we come out of the war victoriously, we shall "cut off our noses to spite our faces by imitating precisely those military qualities that provoked us to an unprecedented sacrifice of life and of all that makes life worth living." Accordingly the author would have us reflect seriously on the past course of progressive restriction to which the liberty of the individual has been subjected, and to help us he proposes in his chapters to set before us a summary of what these restrictions have been, and of the legal fetters from which he would deliver us.

It does not seem likely that when the war is over there will

¹ By E. S. P. Haynes. London: Grant Richards. Pp. 238. Price, 6s. net. 1916.

be any such feverish craving for the importation into this country of German methods of Kultur, so far at least as these mean the carrying of State control into individual life and turning the individual into a machine. If we were to learn from our present foes to rid ourselves more than we have done of late years of interference in the government of this country by the multitude of fools and fanatics who are incessantly writing to papers and getting up agitations, in the hope of coercing the general population into being ruled by their useless and noxious fads—that would be a mode of imitation that might be advantageous. For “too many cooks spoil the broth,” is the maxim that describes the malady from which we at present suffer.

But there is another and still more serious criticism to which this book lays itself open. A glance at the headings of the chapters shows at once what species of liberty the author is most set on achieving for his clients. Chapter I. has for its title “Liberty of Contract,” but then follow a series of titles such as these—“Liberty of Private Morals,” “Liberty and the Family,” “Liberty in regard to Women,” “Freedom of Discussion,” “Social Freedom,” “Liberty and Religion.” And the chapters themselves are quite such as one might expect from their titles, as well as from what the author has previously told the public of his aims and objects. In other words the kind of freedom for which this book is chiefly anxious is freedom from the few legal restrictions which still continue to guard social purity in the country.

SHORT NOTICES

THEOLOGICAL

IT is a pleasure to find that a fourth edition has already been demanded of such a book as the translation of *The Dark Night of the Soul* in Mr. Baker's issue of the writings of St. John of the Cross. That a spiritual classic of this kind should be thus in demand is more than encouraging. The present edition has a special value in that since the third was issued a new critical edition of the original has appeared (Toledo, 1912), and all the consequent variations of translation have here been noted. Father Benedict Zimmerman's lucid and admirable Introduction is again reprinted, but we adhere to an opinion we have long held, that in any future edition its scope might well be enlarged somewhat. The *Dark Night* is read by many who do not go on to St. John's other works, and for these a somewhat fuller statement of the wide scope of the Saint's writings would be of use.

Father Zimmerman's suffices for the immediate purpose, but on such a point (one continually alleged by objectors) as the extent to which "passivity" can be predicated of the higher mystical states, more distinctions are required than Father Zimmerman here gives himself space to unfold.

In **Nature and God** the Rev. T. A. Lacey (S.P.C.K., price 1s. net) discusses in epistolary form with an unknown friend the difficulties against belief in the God of Christianity which are grounded on the irregularities, abnormal appearances, apparent cruelties and moral evils which mingle with the course of nature and are pronounced by some to be incompatible with the existence of a God, at all events of a good God such as Christianity believes in. He writes in a simple and easy style and puts his points quite clearly. This is a useful little book to put into the hands of readers who are harassed by such questionings, and it does not make the mistake of assuming that the considerations it puts forward suffice of themselves to guarantee a belief in Theism. More is required, or rather considerations of a different kind are required for that, but to have these difficulties removed or diminished is a strong aid to faith.

Father W. Dunne, of St. Cuthbert's, Ushaw, is to be congratulated on the entry of his **English Ritual Explained** (Washbourne: price 2s. 6d.) into a second and "revised" edition. It is a useful little handbook for a priest, especially a newly-ordained priest, to have by his side for his guidance in the numerous little perplexities he is sure to have in regard to the administration of the sacraments, funerals, and blessings. Most of what it contains can be found in the larger books, but they can be more conveniently sought here.

APOLOGETIC.

We are glad that Dr. Condé Pallen has re-issued in book form his series of letters on **The Education of Boys** (New York: The America Press) contributed several years ago to that admirable magazine the *Dolphin*. Dr. Pallen's main purpose is to show cause against the unhappy practice of sending Catholic boys to non-Catholic schools, and we fear that his letters are more needed to-day, instead of less, than when they were written. It need not be said that the author goes to the root of the matter, and urges with force and persuasiveness those principles that conclude the matter for every Catholic parent worthy of the name. But also he strongly reinforces his argument—at least to our mind—by a trenchant attack on those modern and subversive theories, of which Mr. Holmes has made himself the apostle, which have produced the present babel in non-Catholic educational circles, and likewise by a strenuous defence of the *litterae humaniores* as the best medium of education, properly so called. If educational faddism goes on as it is going, "in the second generation from our day the only educated men in the country will be those who have been trained in Catholic colleges."

WAR BOOKS.

Messrs. Bloud and Gay's series of popular pamphlets published at 40 centimes each, entitled *Le Clergé et la Guerre*, continues its useful career. Three new volumes reach us, dealing respectively with **Le Clergé des Diocèses Envahis**, **Prêtres Mobilisés et Combattants**, and **Une Paroisse Champenoise sous la Botte Allemande**. The two former summarize excellently the story of many larger volumes already noticed in our pages. The last is of independent value as telling in some detail the story of a parish

in Champagne under the heel of the Germans, Vitry-le-François, which was occupied for a short time immediately before and during the Battle of the Marne, by the Wurtemberg forces. It is significant that during that short time the place was administered by the parish priest, the mayor and corporation having, on the approach of the Germans, departed in search of a "healthier" locality.

A new series of larger volumes, more official and detailed in character, has also been started by the same firm, the price being 3.50 francs each. It is entitled *Les Catholiques au Service de la France*, and the first volume, by M. Paul Delay, deals with **Les Diocèses de l'Intérieur**, *etc.*, Paris, Versailles, and Meaux. Their large citation of official diocesan documents render them especially valuable, and the story of what French Catholics have here done and are doing for the country that served them so ill in time of peace is a remarkable triumph of charity, as well as, from the merely business point of view, a splendid piece of efficient organization. Meaux of course was for a short time invaded, and here again we have, as at Vitry, the ecclesiastical authorities, with the Bishop, Mgr. Marbeau, at their head, providing for the administration of the town in default of the municipality.

The Comtesse de Courson, so well known to English-speaking Catholics through the medium of their magazines, has issued in French a very powerful appeal, addressed to neutrals and to our allied friends, on behalf of **La Femme Française pendant la Guerre** (Paris, Lethielleux: price 1.25 frs.). The authoress not only makes to live before our eyes the splendid story of French womanhood under the strain of this cruel war, with many illustrative stories of personal heroism, but also defends from a wide-spread misapprehension the essential character of the women of France as a whole. For in fact no nation is more domestic than the French, and in no nation is the actual, competent head of affairs in the business or in the house, more often found to be the wife or elder daughter.

The Abbé Sertillanges, editor of the new and very welcome *Revue des Jeunes*, whose war-sermons have had such wide popularity in France, has re-issued in separate form his stirring discourse **Aux Jeunes** (Paris, Lethielleux: price 50 cents.), delivered last May in Notre Dame, before H. E. Cardinal Amette. It is indeed a trumpet-call to the Catholicism of the future, "une aristocratie au sens étymologique du terme," and among the happiest auguries for France in the changed days "after the war," is the present wide-spread influence of the Abbé Sertillanges, and of the great "Association de la Jeunesse Française," which he has called into existence.

It is not surprising that a second edition has been called for of the Abbé Lemerle's twelve sermons **Tombés au Champ d'Honneur** (Paris, Lethielleux: price 1.50 frs.), for few are better qualified to speak *le mot juste* on such a subject than the former Head of a great Catholic Secondary School, who has known so intimately generations of those in whose honour he is speaking. These sermons are as full of solid teaching as they are of thoughts of encouragement and consolation.

A further and very useful publication of Mgr. Baudrillart's Comité Catholique de Propagande Française comes to hand in **L'Eveil de l'Âme française devant l'Appel aux Armes**, by the Abbés Georges Ardant, Jean Desgranges, and Theliler de Poncheville (Paris, Bloud and Gay: price, 2 francs). It was a happy thought to reproduce for wide circulation the notes taken from time to time by three priests actually engaged in work with the fighting forces. The plain and vivid story of personal experiences

which they tell gains immeasurably in force by its unadorned directness, and its clear evidence as to what is really happening in France in respect of religion should make a profound impression on the Catholic mind in neutral countries.

The latest volumes of Messrs. Franc-Nohain and Delay's "*Historie Anecdotique de la Guerre*," *L'Espionnage Allemand* (Paris, Lethielleux: price, 60 centimes) is of special and painful interest, of a kind affecting us as intimately as our French friends. Not less extraordinary than the amazing facts brought to light, and substantiated, since the beginning of the war, is the blindness of both London and Paris to what was going on in their midst. We may trust, however, with the author of the present volume, that the lessons of the war will be better learnt in this respect by all the Allies than those of 1870 and 1871 by the French.

Many of our readers will doubtless be glad to hear that the story entitled *A War Pilgrimage*, which Miss M. E. M. Young recently contributed to our columns, has been reprinted by the Catholic Truth Society and issued among its penny pamphlets. We cordially wish it a large and we trust a useful circulation in its new form.

The Catholic Truth Society also sends a new edition of Cardinal Vaughan's address on *England's Conversion by the Power of Prayer*, given when as yet he was Bishop of Salford, to the Birmingham Conference of 1890; the *Return of the Képis*, a reprint from *THE MONTH*, a short Life of St. Paul of the Cross, and a tract on *Authority and Private Judgment*, by Mr. Herbert E. Hall. In this latter the author starts from the common ground of general agreement that our Lord came into the world to do a certain work, and left behind Him a definite provision for perpetuating it. This work was to make a revelation to be received by faith, but what was the provision made for the upholding of faith? How does authority and how does private judgment attitudinize towards it? and how do these principles apply to the different forms of belief in the Anglican Church?

VERSE.

Botrel is untranslatable—far more so than classical French verse, even lyrics. Yet Miss Winifred Byers has done well to attempt the impossible in her *Songs of Botrel* (Holden and Hardingham: price, 2s. 6d. net), if only for the sake of those who have no French. Such pieces as "The Sandman" and "The Giant Lustukru" well represent the substance of Botrel, and also make good little English lyrics, even though the peculiar fragrance of "Le Marchand de Sable" and the peculiar snap of "Le grand Lustukru" evaporate. We can only hope that in calmer times, when his task as "chansonniér des armées" is done, London may be able to welcome the bard of Brittany and his charming wife, as so many French artists have been welcomed, and experience at first hand something of their infinite charm. We recommend all lovers of Botrel to buy Miss Byers' volume, for even if the translations are to them supererogatory, they will get a charming and recent portrait, a new Preface in French by Botrel himself, and a very interesting appreciation of the bard by Anatole le Braz.

Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, the well-known Catholic journalist of Canada, exhibits an admirable patriotism in his verses entitled *Songs of Heroic Days* (Toronto: William Briggs, price 75 cents) and dedicated "to the brave Canadian hearts that beat and battle for the cause of Freedom and the safety of the Empire." Full of feeling as are the lyrics in the volume,

we ourselves find most striking the colloquial or semi-colloquial pieces, such as the verses written for and dedicated to King Albert, together with those dedicated to Mr. Lloyd George and entitled "The Kaiser's favourite poems"—which are those with "steel engravings" from Essen.

His fine critical work on the mediaeval French Romances, as well as his two previous little volumes of original verse, have established Mr. Eugene Mason's position as a thinker and a singer of delicate and thoughtful art. His new volume, *Vitrail* (John G. Wilson, price 1s. net) consists largely of sonnets, several of them original and several imitations of de Heredia, Coppée, and other French poets. All are of great excellence in point of form, and some, notably one on "Rheims 1429—1915," are of outstanding power in thought and feeling. "Venice—a Souvenir," has a last line that pierces like some of Mrs. Meynell's endings.

In a short Preface to *My Beloved to me* (Sands & Co., price 1s. net), a series of "Thoughts and Prayers in Verse" by "S.M.A.," Father Joseph Rickaby apologizes for the liberties the pious authoress takes with metrical rule, on the ground that so many are now taken in English versification. We fear that this is only too true; but it would matter less were such irregularities always as well condoned by merits of substance as here. For the verses of "S.M.A." are of a deep spirituality and a tender devotion above all criticism. To read them is to be lifted into a very high atmosphere and inspired with very lofty ideals.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

- ALLENSON, London.
Death and Life. By A Parish Priest.
Pp. 188. Price, 2s. 6d. net.
- AMERICA PRESS, New York.
The Education of Boys. By Condé B. Pallen. Pp. 104.
- BEAUCHESNE, Paris.
L'Ame Existe. By Henry de Pully.
Pp. 108. Price, 1.25 francs.
Notre Foi. By Père Compaign, S.J. Pp. iv. 212. Price, 2.75 francs. *Lettres de l'Eglise et Lettres de la Patrie.* By Yves de la Brière. Pp. xv. 401. Price, 4.50 francs.
- BROWNE & NOLAN, Dublin.
A Catechism of Catholic Social Principles. By James R. Kerr, L.L.D. Pp. 138. Price, 1s. 6d. net. Pp. x. 122. Price, one dollar.
- CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.
Scientific Method in Schools, a Suggestion. By W. H. S. Jones, M.A. Pp. iv. 36. Price, 1s. net. *The Cambridge Bible for Schools. Corinthians I.* By A. St. John Parry, D.D. Pp. lxxvi. 214. Price, 2s. 6d. net.
- CATHOLIC ALUMNI SOCIETY, Philadelphia.
Catalog of Catholic Books in the Free Library of Philadelphia. Pp. 202.
- J. G. WILSON, 77 Queen St., E.C.
Vitrail. By Eugene Mason. Pp. 32. Price, 1s. net.
- LAURENCE J. GOMME, New York.
The Dead Musician and Other Poems. By Charles L. O'Donnell, C.S.C.
- LETHIELLEUX, Paris.
La Syrie à La France. 2^e édit. By Paul Dudon. Pp. 64. Price, 0.50 fr. *Tombés au Champ d'Honneur.* 2^e édit. By l'Abbé E. Lemerle. Pp. 104. Price, 1.50 fr.
- MARIETTI, Turin.
Breviarium totum in fasciculis in 24mo pro itinerantibus. Price, 8.0 francs unbound. *Lectiones pro Festis ad Matutinum.* Pp. 114. Price, 1 franc. *Manuel d'Archéologie Chrétienne.* By Père Sixte Scaglia. Pp. 455. lxii. Price 12 francs.
- THE FAITH PRESS, London.
Santa Sophia. By Prince Eugene Trubetskoy. Pp. 32. Price, 1s. net. *The Women of Serbia.* By Fanny Copeland. Pp. 18. Price, 6d. net. *Redeeming the Time.* By the Archbishop of Canterbury. Pp. 18. Price, 6d. net.

